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**NUDE
HOLIDAY
IN FRANCE**

**PHOTO
CLUB
AND
PRIZES**

**THE NATURIST MAGAZINE WITH 79 YEARS
OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION**





THE 79th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Established 1900. Health and Efficiency incorporating Sunbathing Review. Health and Vim, is associated with the Central Council for British Naturism, the Australian Nudist Federation and New Zealand Sunbathing Association.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

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EDITORIAL

FRIGHTENED OF SEX

A phrase in a letter published in the New Zealand Nudist caught my eye. I quote 'Nude suggests the very splendour of having nothing on, the beauty, the sensuality (*asexual let me hasten to add*) comfort and sheer luxury of being able to mix freely with other people without any clothes.'

The emphasis on the phrase 'asexual let me hasten to add' is mine. I have marked it because it so perfectly represents the old-fashioned nudists' fear of reality. The first nudist club was formed in England around about 1927. The first in New Zealand about 20 years later. They were 20 years behind then, and if they are still frightened of sex then they are still 20 years behind.

On a completely different matter some readers have asked why some of our articles have little to do with nudism. It is simply because we believe we do not have to hammer the same old line all the time. Sometimes even nudists just like to relax and be entertained. We want you to be entertained as well as informed.

Murray Wren (Editor)



Next Month HAUTE GARDUERE

Our wandering nudist traveller Lance Ridgeway visits the little known resort of Haute Garduere in France. He is given a somewhat chilly welcome. After waiting an hour the owners relent and take him around their camp. This resort is inland but not too far from the Mediterranean and close to the famous perfume town of Grasse. It would certainly be worth spending a few days en route to that sea. Some may find it good enough for all their holiday.

A vintage-style photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a dark one-piece swimsuit, sitting on a white lounge chair. She is outdoors, with a background of trees and foliage. Her skin is glistening, suggesting she is wet or has applied oil. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. A yellow circular graphic is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing the text "LADIES ARE NEVER INDECENT".

**LADIES
ARE NEVER
INDECENT**

Phil Vallack caused quite a stir with his first article 'Free Sun on the Beaches' in our Volume 78, number 12. Voices are still being heard in this issue's correspondence columns. Now Phil comes back with a further controversial article taken from his forthcoming book. Don't miss this if you want to understand future Readers' Letters!

THE Mermaids, rather than the Neptunes, may win for us the freedom to bathe from the beaches as nature intends. To bathe nude, that is, without the nagging fear that (though not actually breaking Common Law) a complaint may be made that we are indecent.

Mermaids can never be indecent. The common law accepts the beauty of the naked female form. And so it should. In the right place—naturally.

Both the Vagrancy Act, with its 'intent to insult any female', and the Town Police Clauses Act, with its 'exposure of the person' (meaning penis), refer to the naked male—up to no good. 'Intention to cause a breach of the peace' would have to be proved for a naughty naked mermaid.

If she was on a beach at least

200 yards from any street or public place, and 'where people rarely passed, and where there was no necessity for passing at all', any intention to cause a breach of the peace would be hard to prove—unless she had a hand grenade in her beach bag! She would be unlikely to be breaking any local by-law (with no hand grenade) and if she was, it would be in ignorance and therefore not intentional.

The duty to inform her of any by-law would rest with the local authority. Unless the information had been displayed, a verbal warning would have to precede any more unpleasant steps taken should she ignore the by-law.

It might be easier to establish intention to cause a breach of the peace if she drew attention to her



nudity in Paccadilly Circus or Regent's Park but that, with attendant cameramen, is not what we are talking about.

Dick Bareham, the editor of *British Naturism* until his death in 1976, was a beach enthusiast with a sense of humour. Unlike some of his colleagues, he could wryly accept that his name was a little 'unfortunate' for the editor of a naturist magazine. It is doubtful whether he meant it seriously when he wrote in August, 1972:

'How to get a naturist beach. Since the ladies cannot be convicted for indecent exposure—they should swim and sunbathe naked while the gentlemen demand equality.' Sexual equality with an interesting reversal of roles. And yet, you know, it is true.

Neptune by himself, or with

other Neptunes naked on a beach, is vulnerable. With attendant mermaids there is far less likelihood of complaint. The charge of behaviour intended to 'insult any female' falls flat if the nude male is in the company of females obviously not the least insulted. And they, of course, are immune from any complaint of indecent exposure—even with hand grenades.

The policeman and the ladies

The *Daily Mirror* of 14th July, 1977, describes the activities of an over zealous constable at an isolated beach near Penzance which underlines the paragraph above:

'Nude bathers . . . have accused local police of sex discrimination. They claim that naked men have been ordered to wear trunks while

topless women have been ignored . . . Four times in recent weeks, they say . . . one keen eyed constable . . . has scrambled hundreds of feet from the clifftop to deliver a dressing down. But the bathers add, it's always the men who catch the sharp edge of his tongue. The ladies, he doesn't seem to mind . . .'

I am sure that the ladies on the beach were more than topless until the arm of the law began his descent of the cliff—but good luck to them, anyway, for only putting on their bikini briefs.

Whether 'toplessness' is merely a fashion that suits those with good pectoral architecture—or is a significant expression of the need to feel free—I sometimes wonder. Given the less crowded beaches and the pleasant company of others, totally nude, probably

Nice in white marble, nicer in the flesh.



most of the 'topless' girls would enjoy the freedom of real nudism. In the meantime I'm not complaining.

You cannot fail to admire how lovely they look. They certainly cannot be blamed for enjoying the knowledge that they are beautiful.

In the *Observer Review* of 27th July, 1975, Lyn Wright published a charming description of how 'their' little St. Clair beach at Le Lavandou in France had gone topless at last. Her husband, she said, used previously to spend most of his time in a pleasant coma. This time, even in a state of semi-consciousness, he was able to sit upright in a deck-chair from the first day and indulge in more exacting decision-making than in previous years in terms of the

It will take more than a 'cliff scrambling policeman' to dress down this girl.



had been given a sun-tan and real hair in the right places it would almost certainly have been pushed out of sight before it corrupted the public—particularly the children, of course.

Yet, ludicrously, in nice white marble or plaster, with nothing missing but the tan and hair, it is probably on view in the local art gallery or even outside the Town Hall where the decision was made to remove the obscenity from the beach.

allowed to be in the audience, let alone to participate in any of the games. Perhaps they were short of seats. Certainly it was not from prudery, because girls were often seen nude (like the men) in parades and when bathing. Probably real athletics was 'a man's province' and so, sacrosanct.

Beach nudism is far from a man's province—and a mixed group is not only more pleasant but a real insurance against interference or complaint.

So remember, dear mermaids, and potential mermaids, that you can play a vital part in winning the right to bathe free on the beaches that need no longer be secret and furtive places. If your Neptune wants you to be nude in the sea air—go with him. Even if you have never bathed naked in the sea before, you WILL enjoy it and his enjoyment will be infinitely more if you are there to share his pleasure. As you acquire your all-over tan you will look marvellous and feel marvellous. Don't leave it to the men to pioneer the beaches. They are really not much good without you—but you know that already don't you! Mermaids of the world unite! What could you possibly have to lose on a free sun beach? A towel perhaps?

Nude olympics?

Recreational nudity may be new to the twentieth century, but not so to the Greeks—who taught us a lot about civilized living. Thucydides in 450 B.C. said: 'It was the Spartans who were the first to compete naked in the Olympic Games, anointing their bodies with oil. A few years ago, the other contestants discarded the loin-cloths which they used to wear in former times.'

I used to think naked Greek athletes were an argument in favour of nude sea bathing, etc.—but discovered that when it came to watching the nude Olympics the Greeks were guilty of sex discrimination. Women were not

trimmest figure on the beach:

'How incredibly slow has been the tiny revolution; yet instantly how ludicrous have become last summer's fumbings with straps and hooks and buttons and those furtive undos lying on our

Mermaids of the world unite!

tummies in the sand. I used to grab the children's dinghy when they weren't looking and paddle hell-for-leather out to sea for a quick orgy of total sunburn. There is one English girl on our beach who stands out from all the rest. She is round and pretty with creamy curls and giggles, and she runs endlessly in and out of the water. She is lovely and she knows it. She keeps glancing down at her pale firm breasts with pride. Yet everyone who is watching her

is smiling; she is so ingenuously intoxicated with her new-found freedom—like a kitten let out of its basket at last.'

It seems strange that the beauty of the nude female figure is accepted as the inspiration of painters and sculptors of all periods, and yet the nude female person can still be regarded as obscene by a minority—a rapidly dwindling minority—amongst us. Priceless works of art in every gallery and private collection extol the nobility of nakedness.

The nude male figure too, has been the subject of innumerable treasures from the Greeks, via Michaelangelo, to the present day. Would the sculpture of 'David' by Michaelangelo be removed as 'indecent' if someone stood it on a public beach? If it



If the law says this body is obscene—then the law is truly an ass.



The Beauty Queen and The Missionary

A bizarre case reached the English Courts recently. The prosecution sought to have an ex-beauty queen committed for trial alleging that she 'forcibly abducted 21-year-old Kirk Anderson...' During the proceedings the girl asked 'How could a 120 lb. girl rape a 220 lb. man...? Brian O'Hanlon joins in.

SEX makes the world go round, and by God it sells newspapers.

Politics might be the raw meat of government, but when a luscious, honey-blonde, former American beauty queen betook her ex-lover to a shack in darkest Devon, chained him to the bed, and attacked him with vigour, we heard nothing but the state of *his* general erection for several weeks.

It is not the business of this publication to comment upon a case which is still pending, and therefore *sub judice*, but the printed facts are sexually *bizarre*—the word used in court to describe this whole case by learned counsel.

The entire scenario is better than the golden age of Hollywood at its best. A screenplay by the Marquis de Sade and Damon Runyon, with a preface by Father O'Flynn. It has occupied several page leads in the *Guardian*, and the popular press—and has even amazed and amused that dour scion of Auchtermuchty: John Junor of the *Sunday Express*.

'If what she says is true', rumbled the Moderator of Fleet Street's Black Lubianka: 'it must have been deeply disturbing for Mormon missionary, Kirk Anderson, kidnapped and shackled to a double bed in a cottage in Devon, to have had his pyjamas ripped off while 27-year-old former beauty queen, Joyce McKinney, had her lustful way with him. Not once, not twice, but thrice. Poor chap. I sigh for him. But although I have no idea whether she is innocent or guilty

and make no judgement, I must admit that I sigh just a little for Miss McKinney too. Perhaps when she is free to do so she ought to head for Auchtermuchty where not once in the history of that Royal Borough has there ever been a case of a laddie who has had to be chained and shackled before he would agree to accommodate a lassie.'

As it happens I pass the spot where the young man was kidnapped regularly, on my way to ride my own beloved filly on nearby Epsom Downs—and nothing like that has ever happened to me. I thought I would chance my arm and stopped my car outside the Church of the Latter Day Saints in Ewell, and waited. Nothing happened, unfortunately, apart from the old sinner or two with their golf bags crossing the road ahead between the 9th and the 10th holes.

Who did what to whom?

Like the distinguished Editor of Fleet Street, whom I have quoted at length, I too, have no idea who did what to whom and how and, frankly, don't much care. I suppose that I could have a field day as well, writing about this case. The gags come cheap, at the rate of ten a penny; the ad libs trot off the tongue; and the double entendres have already knocked them in the aisles in most of the nation's night-clubs.

But what does disturb me is that the real villain of the piece goes scot free. Unchallenged. The Church of the Latter Day Saints,

itself. For it was *they* who cuckolded an honest to goodness, decent, young man; interfered with the course of true love, and will almost certainly have scarred both parties for the rest of their lives.

Just listen to the 'rules', from the secret handbook for Mormon missionaries:

No missionary should permit himself to fall in love or become involved with a member of the opposite sex.

Never be alone with someone of the opposite sex regardless of age.

Always stay at arm's length, except to shake hands.

Don't call members, contacts or missionaries by their first name or nickname.

Have a 24 hour male companion so you can more easily resist any temptation that might loom out at you.

I would like to meet whosoever wrote that. I would like to introduce him to the 20th century, spin him round and kick him right up his bible-punching arse.

Perhaps I'd better make my own position clear, since we are talking about religion, and I am being hyper-critical of someone else's. I am a displaced Catholic of long misunderstanding. I believe in a superior being. I believe that religion is kindness and common sense. It is also a highly individual thing. I have less and less time for God's self-appointed here on earth. I no longer go to church myself, but I can quite understand what those, who do, get from

it . . . but I will never be able to tolerate the unholy nutters who twist the good word to suit their own perverted ideals.

How can a missionary prevent himself from falling in love? By having his balls blown off at birth? And what is the matter with being alone with someone of the opposite sex. 'Ratbag', my

16 hand Irish mare, and I are close together for several mornings a week—but I don't want to fuck her. I am free, white, and 45 and shall be alone with whoever the hell I please.

It doesn't say much for the attitudes of the men who have framed the missionaries' sacred rules that they feel too easily

tempted by the pleasures of the flesh every time they are in proximity with a member of the opposite sex, does it?

The trouble is, it is they who are *pre-occupied* with sex. They construe it as something *dirty*; clandestine, and a grave moral sin outside marriage. I have to chuckle at the last edict, though.

This girl may shock a Missionary, but she delights the rest of us.

Mr. Anderson certainly *did* have a male companion with him when he was taken, or went, to his little bash at bondinage in Devon. A fellow American, 24-year-old Keith May, was also present.

Since young Mr. Anderson claims that, in shackles, he was forced to have sex by the oral stimulation of his once betrothed I can only assume one of two things. That he behaved like a normal male when confronted by the woman he fancied, or that he was too stupid to close his eyes and think about his income tax, to offset his erection. The mind boggles further. Exactly *how* did Miss McKinney manage to get him on the bed? Did she secure upon her beloved a step-over toehold with double arkwright? Had she, in fact, been working out with Mr. Mick McManus? And when is the next contest? I insist on being present. If she fancies taking me on then by golly, my dear flanshawe, I shall not be found wanting. If she cares to pick me up in a crotch hold and slam me down hard on the mattress; then, sod the chains! And I promise not to go sobbing to Mummy.

For, as Joyce McKinney herself says: 'I was Miss Wyoming in the Miss U.S.A. pageant, so I don't have to seduce boys.'

Joyce made a 60-page statement to the police. In it she claimed she was a virgin, non-drinker and non-smoker, when she joined the holy Mormon church. Their first act was to put her in a room with three girls who were drunkards, who treated her badly. She met Kirk Anderson *after* she had joined this mob, and fell deeply—and passionately—in love with him. She loved him so much that she motored 40 miles each day to see him and, together, they bought a king-sized bed. It will come as no surprise to the readers of Health & Efficiency—or to most people who have been on this planet longer than the last five minutes—that they decided to try it out. Miss McKinney says she put on a sexy nightie and that Kirk was nude under the sheets.

I should damn well hope so.

Enter the Bishop

They were madly in love and they were to marry. But Joyce was worried that she might be pregnant. To whom did Kirk turn to for advice? His church, of course. What more natural thing was there to do? He saw a bishop.

What did this man of God do? Did he say 'God be with you my son. Go in peace and sin no more?' He did not. All this contemptible son-of-a-bitch did was to give the unsure, quivering,





Julia and Wayne are content to enjoy the reality of Stateside beaches leaving Mormon philosophy to the land bound Salt Lake citizens.

20-year-old a strong dose of the verbals. When Miss McKinney later went to see this Mormon moron his sanctity for human life at once became apparent. She says he told her to have an abortion. She refused. Joyce later claimed that she was assaulted in


the street and had a miscarriage. They even branded her unborn child: Son of Satan.

This time next year the whole case will be forgotten. Just another buff envelope full of fading cuttings in any newspaper library. Mr. Anderson will almost

certainly carry on with his missionary work. Miss McKinney will probably meet somebody else. And the unholy Mormon tabernacle will rub its hands with virtue, if not with outright glee.

Who next will pay The Ferryman?

Sexual repression is always dangerous. When dignified by a self-styled religious movement such as the moronic Mormons it becomes downright obscene. The nudist movement, if nothing else, has done much of many years to rid society of this menace.

A close-up photograph of a woman lying on her back in shallow water. Her head is tilted back, and her eyes are closed. Her skin is wet and glistening with water droplets. The water is a deep green color. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body.

WATER BABY BODY

Dawn Cunliffe is a water baby. She is convinced it is woman's natural home. Looking back 20 million years she explains why it is water that makes a woman what she is.



DAWN CUNLIFFE is a water baby. 'I adore it,' she says. 'It's funny, but humans are the only animals that really love the water. And I have a theory that women like it better than men.'

'You see we love the water so because it gives a sense of security. I can lie here for hours just flopping around enjoying myself. I'm at peace and thoroughly relaxed.'

Elaine Morgan in her book *The Descent of Woman* tells us all about it. Twenty-million years ago we were happy apes swinging from the trees. Then came the Pleiocene Age. And horrible it was. A drought of unimaginable severity scorched the forests almost out of existence. Even the grasslands dried up and food became scarce. Starving flesh eaters roamed the land and an almost defenceless female monkey was easy prey.

One tribe of apes living near the sea ran screeching from the big cats and found themselves literally with no way to go. Stay on the shore and be eaten or enter the water. Faced with this





dilemma there is only one answer. And it was—sea, here we come! Amazingly, and luckily for the human race, the flesh eating big cats declined to follow. There were easier ways of earning a living than getting your fur all wet and entering an unknown and so fearful element.

For the next 12 million years this ape—gradually becoming homo sapiens—lived beside, or in, the water. It was the female rather than the male who needed its protection. She lacked his fighting abilities and his razor sharp fangs. She was slowed up by youngsters. While her beloved forests were going up in flames, she greatly appreciated her sea-side resort.

She had to eat a new diet. Crabs, shellfish and such like could be opened up with a nearby pebble. Bigger stones could spell the end of a seal. The carcass could be dragged to the nearest cave, just like putting it in the fridge. And if some nauseating carnivore found what was left of the grass lands found your booty, once again the best escape was the sea.

Of course, when you get into fairly deep water, you have to walk upright. And it is easy enough in water, your body is lighter. And all that shaggy hair was useless in the water. So, as 12 million years and evolution will, the hair disappeared. Except for the head. Indeed the scalp hair developed greatly as an essential safety rope for the very young. Unencumbered by kids the males tended to baldness of the head as well as the body.

But once you have got rid of your body hair, keeping warm, especially in the water became more and more of a problem. Evolution had an answer for that too. The solution was a complete covering of body fat. All sea animals develop this protection against cold. Fur is the answer on land but fat is used for the sea. And while all sea animals have this fat covering, among the primates, only man. Right to this day it is his legacy from 12 million years in the water!

Now once she lost her body hair there was nothing for the young to cling onto while feeding at her miserable paps. Once again evolution came up with a much appreciated answer—the modern female breast. But in those days it was long and droopy. A sort of flexible, grabbable human milk bottle.

Dawn paused. She appeared to be thinking up some more evolutionary tricks to amaze us with. But no. Instead she came back to the beginning. 'That's why we love water,' she concluded.

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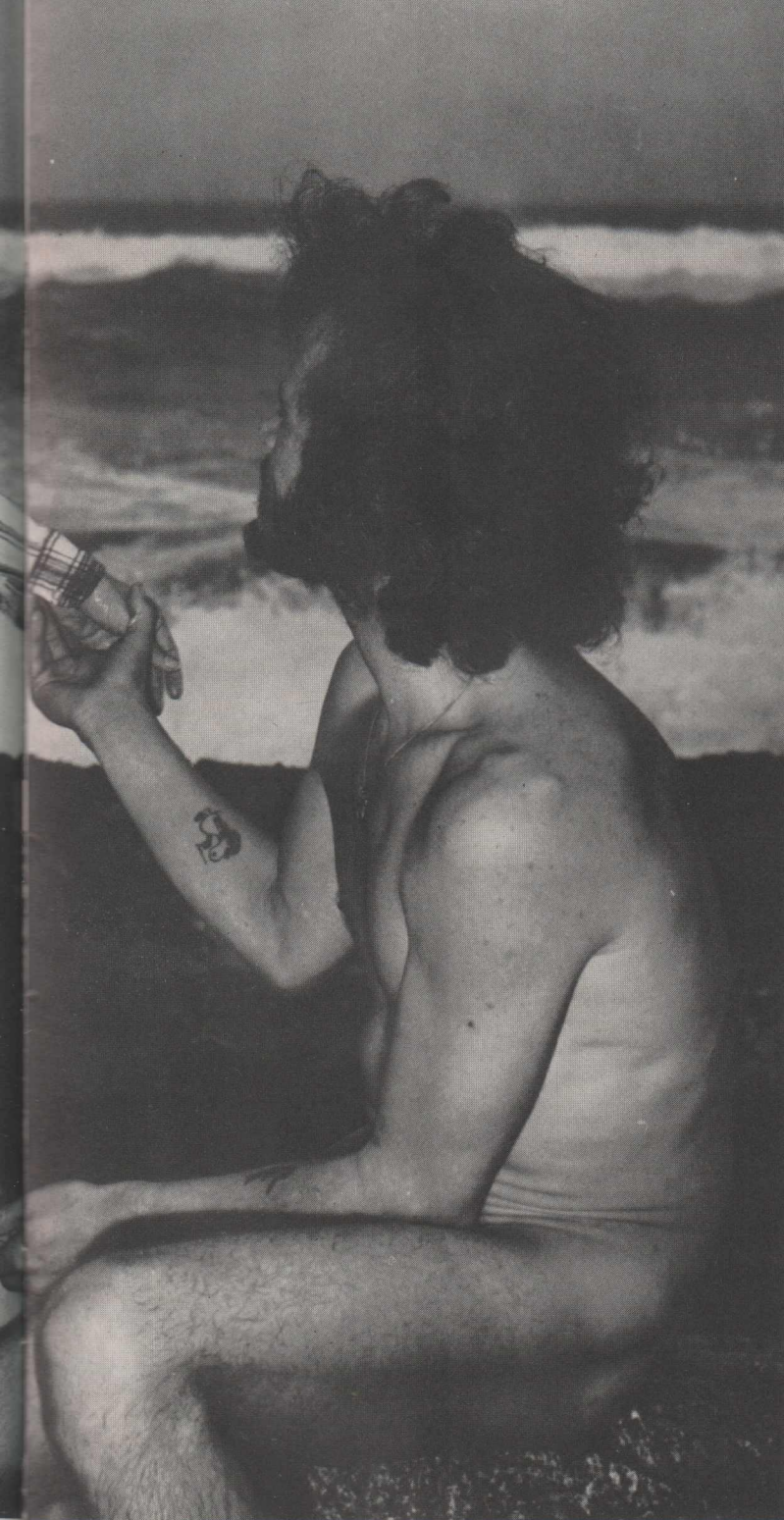
PORNOGRAPHY

In her regular monthly column Susan Mayfield (sob sister Sue?) gallops along contemptuous of the mine fields all around. Readers keep laying traps, snares and other devilish devices but catching out fleet footed Susan is a tough challenge. See how she fares this month, then pick up your own lance—I mean pen.



EVERY writer, as a young beginner, is advised to keep a copy of the *Oxford Dictionary* beside their typewriter. Since it is some time ago that I was a beginner, my dictionary is now rather battered and some of its definitions may be out of date. However, I looked up 'pornography', and read 'description of manners, etc., of harlots, treatment of obscene subjects in litera-

and DEFINITIONS



ture, inflammatory literature'.

According to that, a political pamphlet is pornographic! But to be absolutely sure of what I was talking about, I looked up 'obscene' and read: 'Repulsive, filthy, loathsome, grossly indecent, lewd'. As I do not consider the human body in its naked state obscene in any way, I cannot see that its description, and the depiction of its naked activities,

is in any way pornographic.

All this research was prompted by a letter from a reader: 'Please, sob-sister Sue, let me lay my head upon your shoulder and cry hypocrisy, hypocrisy, hypocrisy! Why? I have just been told, as a reader of H.&E., that H.&E. contains borderline pornography. What is your answer to that? When, oh when, are we going to be liberated from these flint-faced

Christians like Mary (you know who) who are hell-bent on infringing the rights of the rank and file to indulge in pure and open pursuits? Is there anywhere in existence a responsible group mobilised in the expression of freedom to claim the right to publish and display freely what official censorship allows and so put these self-appointed censors in their place? How do they know there is so much "porn" about if they don't look for it themselves? These people must go to see all the X films and blue movies and buy *Gay News* and "porn" otherwise how would they be able to make the charges they do? I don't want pornography in my hands but I do not want insults because I read *Health and Efficiency* magazine.'

Wife disapproves

Yes, there are responsible groups put forward to promote the idea that full acceptance of the human body is a good thing—they are called sun-clubs! There are also groups whose aim is to promote a new way of life based on sexual relationships without prejudice. They are promoted by a well-known journal in human relationships who regularly print a list of the names of area organisers to whom you can write. But from what I can remember of your previous letters your wife disapproved of the comparatively non-militant nudist clubs. So I suggest you discuss the matter with her first before rushing off to join!

As for Mary Whitehouse, I dare not write what I think about her as neither myself personally nor the magazine wish to be involved in a court case for libel. That is the terrifying way she has of getting her own way and I just haven't got thousands of pounds behind me to enable me to express my view. I must pick you up on your spectacular lumping together of *Gay News* and 'porn' as though they are one and the same thing. *Gay News* is not a pornographic magazine by any stretch of the imagination (unless you consider homosexuality obscene when simply mentioned) which is one of the reasons that moralists pick on it. They are scared that homosexuality would become respectable, unlike cruelty and prejudice, which are respectable today.

Which brings us back to our definition of pornography. It's just a matter of deciding what you think is obscene, and it is no insult to you if your helpful friend considers H.&E. pornographic because it deals with nakedness. Personally, I think the exploitation of the young and innocent is obscene, and I think the manu-





facture (not the sale or consumption) of material that couples sex with hostility should be made a criminal offence as it is 'an offence against the person'. What do other readers think?

Now—away from controversy and back to problems. A young man writes:

'My friends don't believe that I have sexual problems but I have. I want to find someone on my sexual wavelength that I can get on with in a reasonable way. All my relationships seem to end with bad feeling and emotional upsets. Why can't I get it together with someone? I used to be able to pull birds when I was 16 or 17 (I'm 22 now) but now I don't seem to be meeting anyone at all. It's not exactly sex I want, I just feel lonely for a female. You could say I'm looking for a soul-mate.'

Your problem has a simple cause—all the girls you met at 17 have probably got married, or are at least settled with a bloke, and just aren't so available now. So there's nothing the matter with you at all. And I'm afraid that the only way to find someone with a similar sexual wavelength to yourself is to experiment!

I'm worried that you say all your previous relationships ended badly. Were you jealous, argumentative, possessive? It takes a lot of experience to learn how to handle a break-up in a friendly way. Maybe you're one of those people who feel they have to engineer a quarrel to end a relationship, instead of simply saying politely that you don't feel suited. And lastly, I would advise you *not* to think of yourself as someone who is 'looking for someone', but as someone with a lot to offer, which you don't want to waste. Choose your friends, be fussy, then give them all, of different age groups, sexes, creeds, your warm companionship. You will find yourself moving in a circle of friends, all on the same wavelength, and sooner or later a single girl will be among them. Good luck!

Too much sex

And now a lady in Liverpool who seems to be having too much sex:

'I am 38 and have been married twice—my first marriage ended in divorce and my second in annulment. I live on my own as my children are with my first husband and his new wife. I go out a lot with girlfriends and meet men at dances. I sometimes think I must have gone the whole scene with men. I have been part of threesomes, orgies, made blue films, had one-night stands. The trouble is, at the time when this

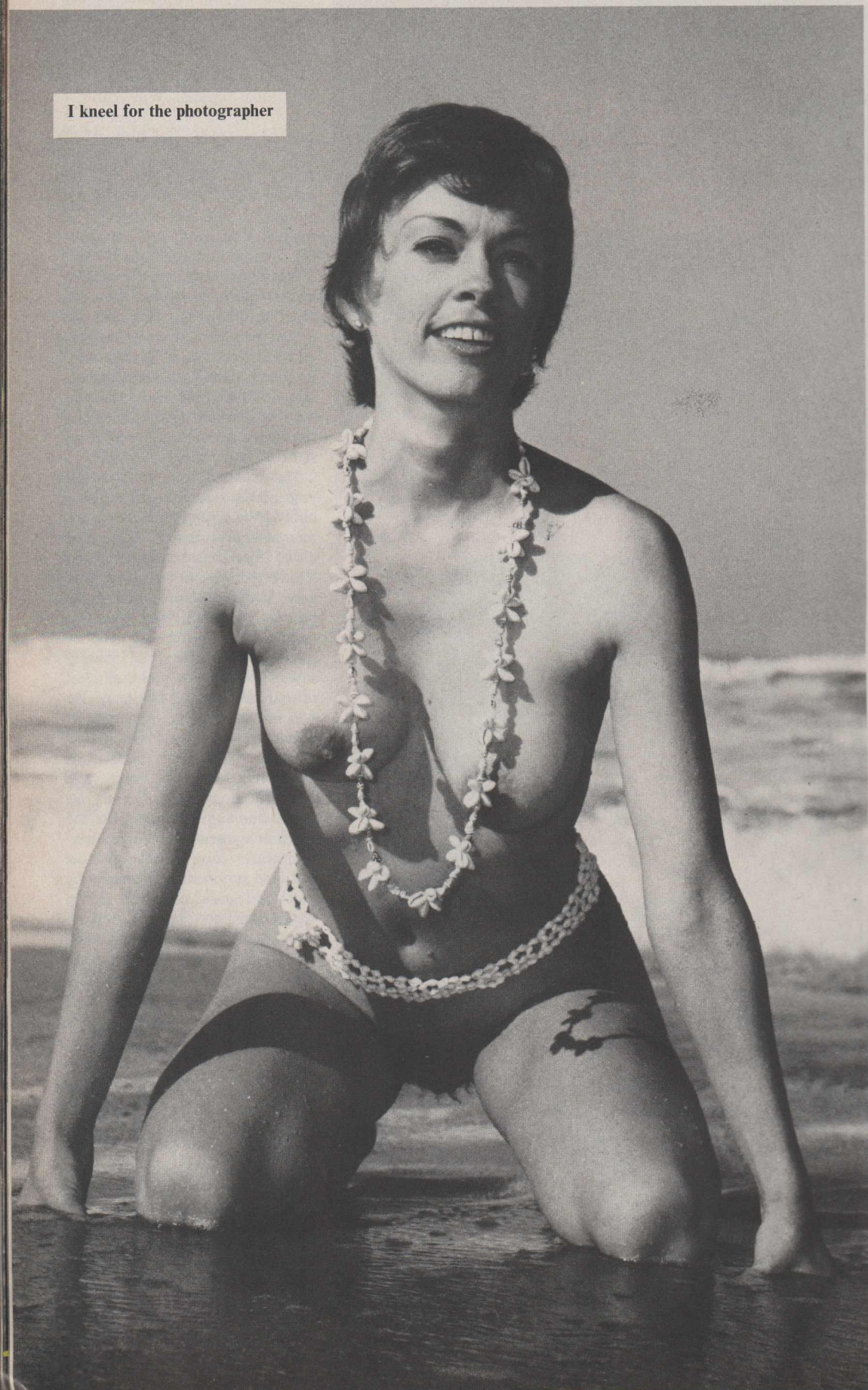
is happening, like at an orgy, I feel intense affection for people, but the next day I feel so debased, ashamed and dirty I vow I will never go with a man again until I get married. Then I meet someone at a dance, go to bed with him—then he'll disappear the next day and I know I'll never see him again. I know that sex is not wicked, so why do I feel so

miserable about it? Will I never get married again?

Please—don't worry too much. A lot of people, in fact nearly everyone, go through a very bad patch after a marriage break-up. Don't condemn yourself, just think of it as 'going through a phase'. You do have a conflict in your mind about sex—you try to fool your subconscious by calling

it love, but the next day your subconscious gets its own back on you. But whether sex is good or bad, why pursue a way of life that is not making you happy? Why waste your time in self-destructive, abortive relationships? Stop going to dances. Join one of the many Singles clubs there are in Liverpool and why not be really determined and get

I kneel for the photographer



yourself some professional help? The Samaritans will keep in regular touch which will be a lot more supportive for you than a one-off piece of advice like this. And do let me know how you get on.

A young wife writes:

'Not long ago an old school friend of mine came to stay with my husband and myself and the three of us enjoyed ourselves very much. On the last day of her visit my husband laughingly suggested a bedtime romp together and she laughingly agreed! I was absolutely furious. I felt worked-up about it for days. My husband





says I was an idiot to have taken the joke so seriously but I've got a feeling it was a true word spoken in jest. I am determined to end the friendship but my husband goes on about inviting her again. When I say he only wants to get her into bed he tells me not to start moaning again.'

I don't suppose we'll ever know if it was only a joke or not. Presumably if your husband was seriously trying to seduce her, he wouldn't ask her to your house after the fuss you made last time! I think you should ask yourself why the incident upset you so

much. Are you scared of losing your husband? Do you disapprove of sexual adventure? Is it worth throwing away a long friendship all over a joke? Or is a sexy threesome something you secretly fancy but daren't admit to? If your friend is sensibly aware that your husband prefers you as a wife ant not her, have you really so much to lose by going along with your husband's fantasies? From my experience, jealousy destroys a marriage far more often than bedtime romps between friends.

Back to pornography again. A

businessman from Surrey writes:

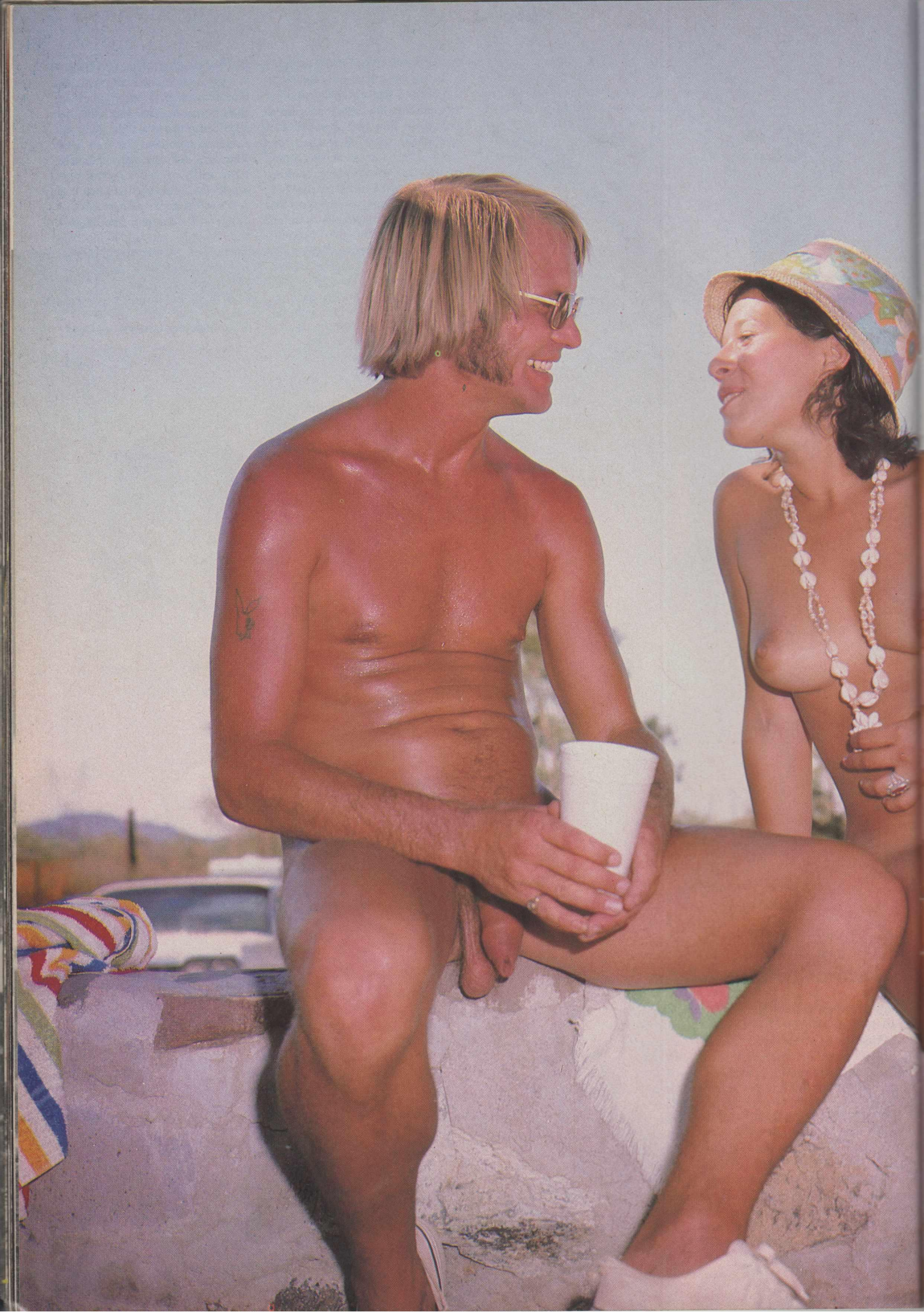
'It was on a men-only business trip abroad that we ended up at a blue movie show. I had never seen a way-out film before and I was fascinated. Not because they aroused me, they were too crude for that. In short, my sole reaction was a fantastic urge to make a really high-quality pornographic film of a man and a woman making love. I'm sure I could make a much better film. All I have is expensive but standard home movie equipment. Also I'm rather scared of gossip because my wife just wouldn't understand my feelings. Can you advise me

how to go about making a film?'

I can't tell you the names of any blue film manufacturers avid for cameramen because I don't know any! But make your film with the equipment you've got. Tell your wife and risk the consequences. Have faith in your own artistic urges. Peddling cheap films that degrade human beings is one thing—what amateur film-makers and models get up to in the privacy of their own homes is another. Your own sexuality is yours to explore and share with your wife. Let me know if you ever get your film made and I'll tell you how to get it processed.


The photographer kneels for me





THE END OF THE WORLD

Choose the sex of your child? An impossible dream? Not so according to an article in the 'Reader's Digest'. But, says Charles Stewart, if this is allowed it will be a major disaster for mankind.



A HARMLESS chemical jelly, which costs less than a penny to produce, will probably be the cause of World War III.

Yet there seems to be no way to prevent its manufacture and widespread use. Only the present war in Ethiopia is giving mankind the chance to think again.

Sheila Hall had two young daughters. She longed to give her husband the son he wanted. It was so unfair. She had been told that 'girls ran in her family', and there was nothing she could do about it.

She quizzed her relatives. She badgered her friends. She consulted several doctors. No one could offer any help.

One day, in 1974, when she had almost given up hope, *Readers' Digest* carried an article about choosing children's sex. One of the methods sounded crazy, but its promoter, Dr. L. Shettles, claimed it was successful.

If she wanted a boy, the New York doctor said a woman should douche her vagina with a solution of bi-carbonate of soda—vinegar for a girl—dissolved in five gallons of water.

Sheila was desperate enough to try this prescription, even if it was awkward and meant ruining several mattresses. First, though, she would seek the opinion of the husband of an old school friend, Dr. John Pollard.

'I looked up Shettles' work,' recalls the 37-year-old consultant anaesthetist, 'and the principle sounded very simple. I said, why don't you try it?'

She did. Her husband is overjoyed with their son.

Dr. Pollard promptly forgot the incident. He was not a researcher. It would have probably been better for us if he had never thought about it again.

In 1975, while swapping anecdotes at a cocktail party with a

cattle breeder, Sheila's story came up. All at once, the breeder became very serious. It would be invaluable to farmers to have a simple and effective way of choosing the sex of their animals.

He persuaded Dr. Pollard to accept the offer of support to carry out spare-time research in a makeshift laboratory in farming country, outside Manchester, England.

After only a relatively few months of trial and error with a vaginal gel—inducing a Ph factor of 7 for female, and 7.6 for male offspring—Dr. Pollard made the breakthrough. His method was 100 per cent effective on rabbits; easy to administer; and cost less than one cent to make a human dose.

In November, 1976, he patented the gel, called Choice, and sought a drug company to carry out large-scale tests on higher animals. If the tests proved the gel was effective on primates and, more importantly, was safe, after several years, trials would be started using humans.

Within a couple of months of his announcing his successes with rabbits, the Ethiopian government was tripping over itself offering to sponsor human trials straight away.

The reasons for this are obvious. If a 20 per cent swing towards male children—56 sons: 44 daughters—can be achieved in a poor country, two tremendous benefits will be realised without further intervention:

- * The national wealth will increase because there will be a rise in the number of adult males, who are more productive than females in a labour-intensive economy.

- * There will be a dramatic cut-back in the growth of the number of mouths to feed.

- Studies carried out in the

United States, for example, have shown that while the introduction of Choice will result in a smaller swing to male bias than in a poor country, there will be a substantial reduction in population growth. Without Choice the population in 200 years can be forecast at 9.6 billion; with Choice it will be less than 2 billion.

Thankfully, however, the trials

in Ethiopia have been halted by the war.

The stark fact is that all serious studies carried out on populations with a significant excess of males—starting as low as seven per cent—show that there is a gradual collapse of the ethic of reciprocity. There is either a social implosion in which human behaviour becomes much worse than animal,

or the society becomes a war machine living off the females in their vassal states.

The Roman Rape of the Sabine women, as the start of the Empire, was no isolated incident. Yet we have not learnt from it, or the many other examples.

The introduction of Choice or any other system for choosing the sex of children, however, will

mean that the whole world will have an excess of males. The Roman solution will not be possible.

The onset of this global conflagration, of course, will not be sudden. The collapse of groups of societies will start much earlier.

Shortly after the critical natural balance of the sexes starts being disrupted every social tension will

Choose the baby's sex? Not me.
I like to gamble



'Choice' will mean an excess of males—sweet music for the girls?



be disproportionately exaggerated. Violence by individuals and institutions will soar, some predict that the current level will be multiplied by a factor of at least ten.

Men, even in the most developed countries, would have ten to twenty years taken from their life expectancy—partly because so many would be deprived of a family's support.

This shorter life would probably be plagued with serious mental illness, not only because of the lack of sexual outlets—though this would be temporarily alleviated by a mushrooming of homosexuality and the kind of pornography as yet unknown to most people.

Job competition would, naturally, become much tougher. In some developed countries, 25 per cent would become the acceptable level of unemployment.

Women, on the other hand, would suffer even more. They would be thrust back into the Dark Ages to become chattels in purdah.

In rich countries, women would probably be placed on pedestals because of their scarcity value. At first, this would mean that they would gain more bargaining power, so that they would not be against Choice until it was too late.

As social pressures built up, however, they could not resist the male majority. Like all treasures, they would get increased protection. Gradually they would find themselves being locked up by their mates to keep out the unwanted males.

The process is inevitable. Initially, it would be almost self-imposed purdah. Women would be frightened to travel alone. Then the problems of going out

to work would outweigh the rewards. Soon, public education for girls after puberty would become difficult and unnecessary.

Eventually, all women's rights would be withdrawn, except illusory property rights in matriachal societies.

In poor countries, women probably would not even have the brief increase in power. They would go straight to the stage where they would be the rewards for the stronger and more successful males.

Unlike the nuclear bomb, the social collapse caused by Choice cannot be reversed by banning its use. Unlike Thalidomide, the terrors of Choice may take at least 18 years to emerge.

To counter an excess of frustrated, psychotic adult males it takes at least another 15 years of breeding an excess of females. By then it is too late.

Countries, or more likely groups of countries, will seek to redress the imbalances in their populations by getting hold of ready-made adult females from other groups of countries. This can only be achieved by killing their rivals' males.

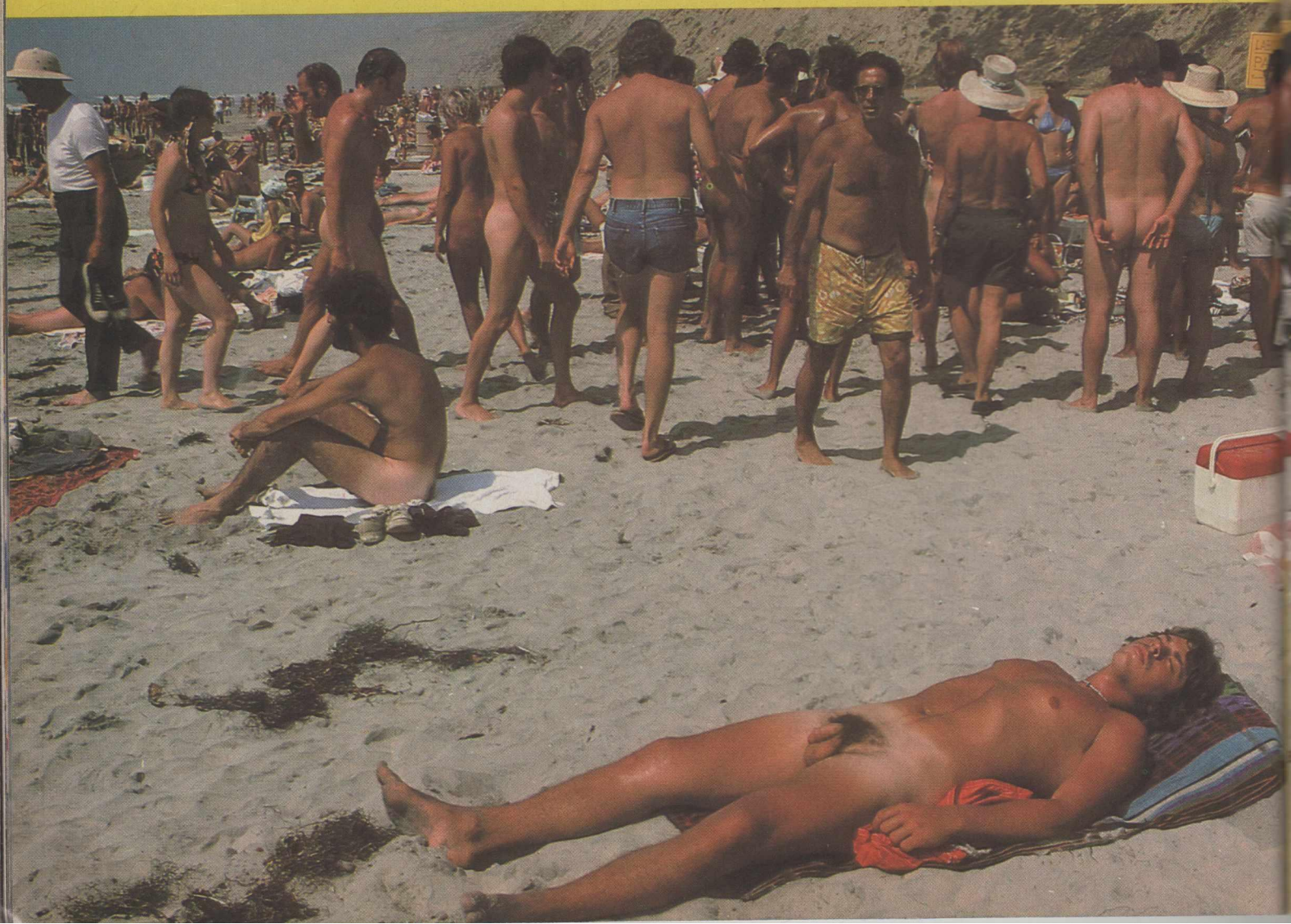
Global war on this scale and for this reason is unimaginable. It cannot be stopped by negotiations, or even surrender. The other males must be eliminated. If we are lucky, the methods used to achieve this elimination—neutron bombs or germ warfare—may not end mankind altogether.

But what government, will reject the population control and economic boons of Choice? Ethiopia is far from being alone in its reckless desire for a method to choose the sex of its children.

And if Choice is outlawed, how can individuals who break such a ban be detected?

JOLLY LA JOLLA!

Is the nude rude, lewd or even both? Many citizens living near La Jolla in southern California think not. Unfortunately they have failed to convince all their neighbours. If we in Europe sometimes think the USA the land of the free, the fate of La Jolla's beach may change our minds.







FOR the moment let that rest. What is this beach? Well it is called Black's beach after a noted La Jolla financier and sportsman. For a while had the distinction of being the only legally sanctioned, optional swimsuit area in the United States.

For the past 20 years nudists have been using the beach. In 1972 the U.S. Supreme Court made nude bathing legal in out-of-the-way places. Now Black's beach was undoubtedly out of the way and so immediately became popular. Eventually, in 1974 the city council responsible for the beach, made nudity there an accepted fact—but by the narrowest of votes, 5 to 4.

A local group have renamed the beach 'Eden' and set up the Eden Action Group. The idea is to provide proper beach facilities.

You get there by three approaches. The easiest is via the paved Black's Canyon Road. It winds downward for about half a mile. After that you have to walk a further half mile along the sand. The other two approaches are steep drops down the 300 foot cliffs. These are more suited to mountain goats than to humans. Many have been injured taking these routes—one even killed.

The Eden Action Group started making things easier by building steps, but this was stopped





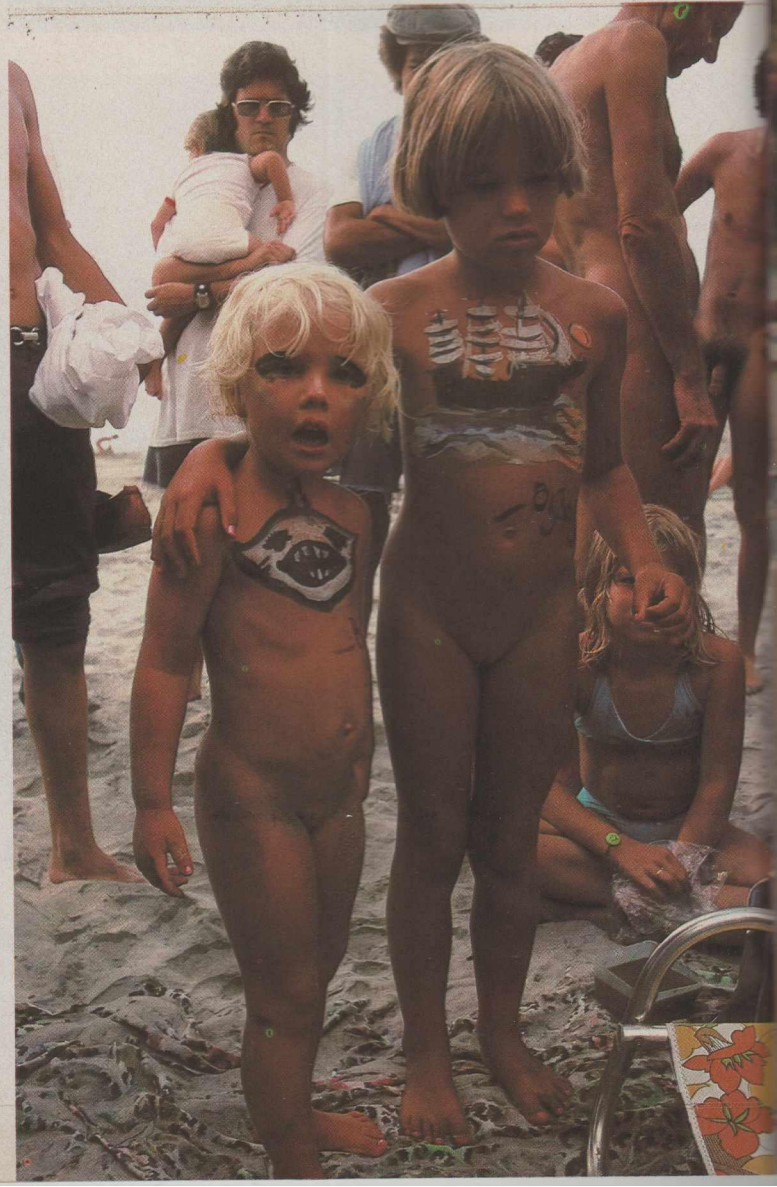
because they didn't have official permission. The small rumpus caused by this prohibition awoke the local radio and TV stations. There followed six radio talks and five TV shows. Immediately the opposition came out to do battle. A notice saying 'swim suits optional beyond this sign' attracted an aerosol pervert who scrawled 'Sinners' across the notice.

Beach neighbours found reason to complain. One said he saw two nude men walking past his house *hand in hand*. Down La Jolla way they jolla well don't do that! Another was shocked almost out of his pants when he saw a bloke quite starkers jump into his swimming pool. A third neighbour complained 'he pissed right in our front garden'.

Leading the fight against the nudists is the Catholic Church. Fornication is implied. But no one can prove it. Fornicating in the sand is hardly a happy pastime. More effective criticism is aimed at trying to prove child harm. A city councillor asked 'Is the body painting of young children a crime?' He answered himself 'It is not a crime . . .' he said.

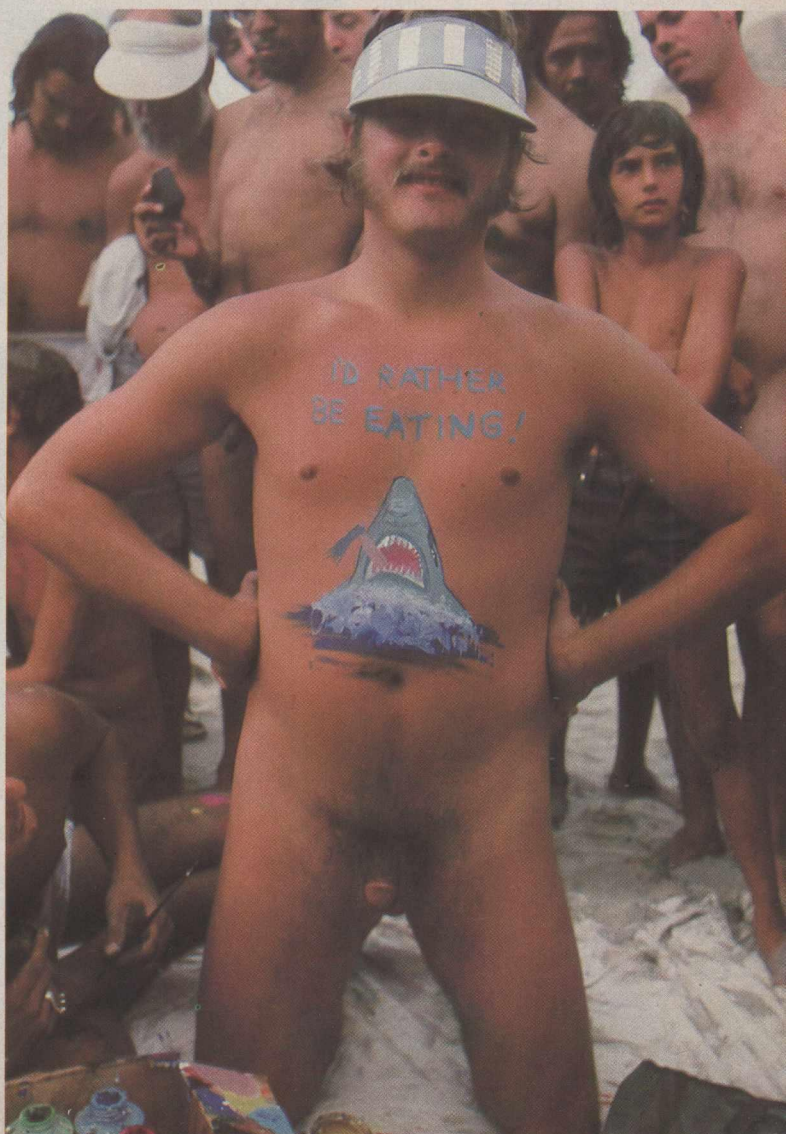
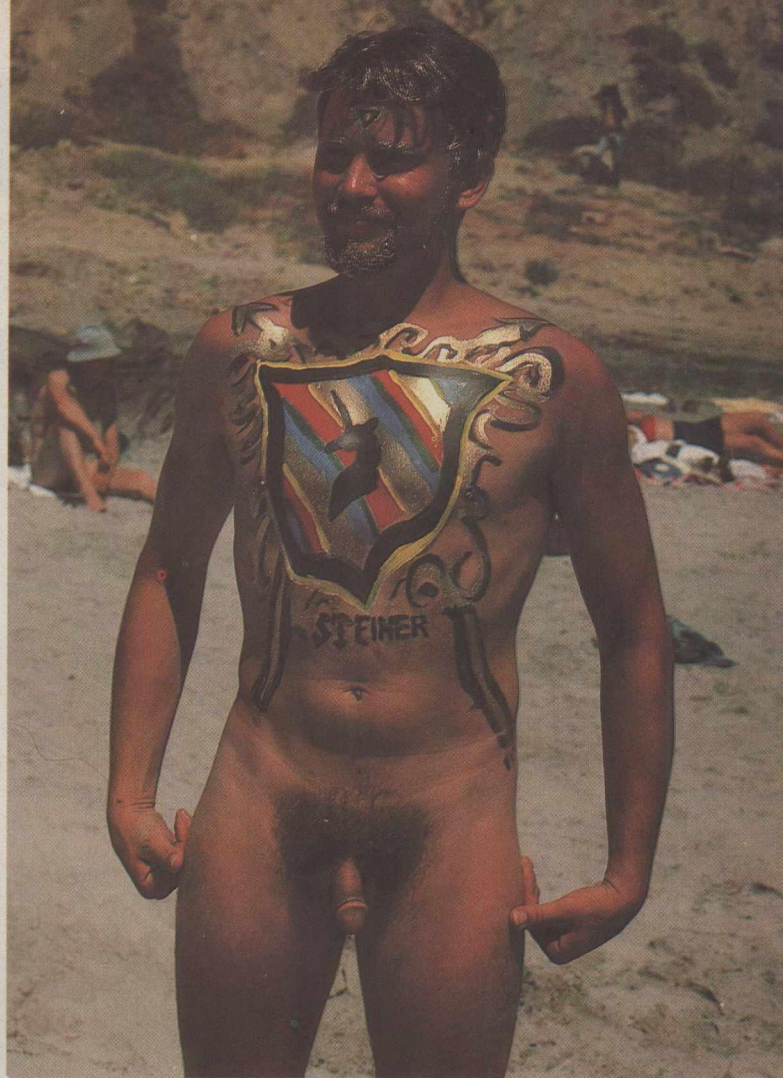
Another councillor said 'I'm not sure it's against the law to fornicate on the beach either? It comes down to standards. Is this what we want? . . .'





DILLY DALI

Don't dilly dally on Jolla or before you know it you will have become a walking masterpiece. Artist 'By-Jorg' real name George Hales and seven or eight others practise their strange art all for free. George sits on a leopard print and wears a red and white top hat. A few hours of work and there are amazing designs patrolling the beach. But one dip in the sea and they are gone.



OUT OF THIS

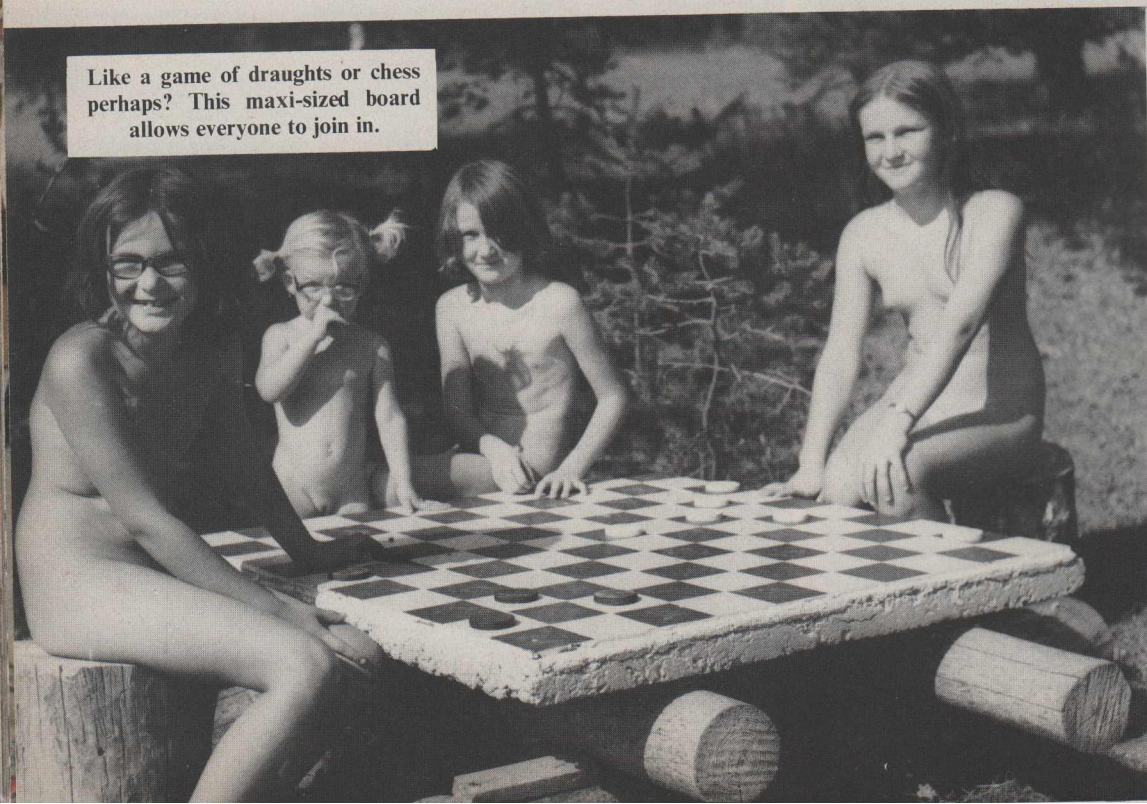
How often have you said 'I want to get away from it all?' Well here is your chance. In the remote mountain area of southern France, you will be so far away from it all that after a few weeks you will be delighted to get back to the rat race. The romantically named Chandelalar opens up a world that has stood still for hundreds of years. Lance Ridgeway is your guide.

CHANDELALAR is high. Chandelalar is remote, and if its name reminds you of a lost city that could be no coincidence. For the young husband and wife who have created this resort out of nothing could hardly have chosen a place more fitting their desire to escape from the rigours of the contemporary city.

Michelin map No. 81 provides your best guide. Turn to page nine



Like a game of draughts or chess perhaps? This maxi-sized board allows everyone to join in.

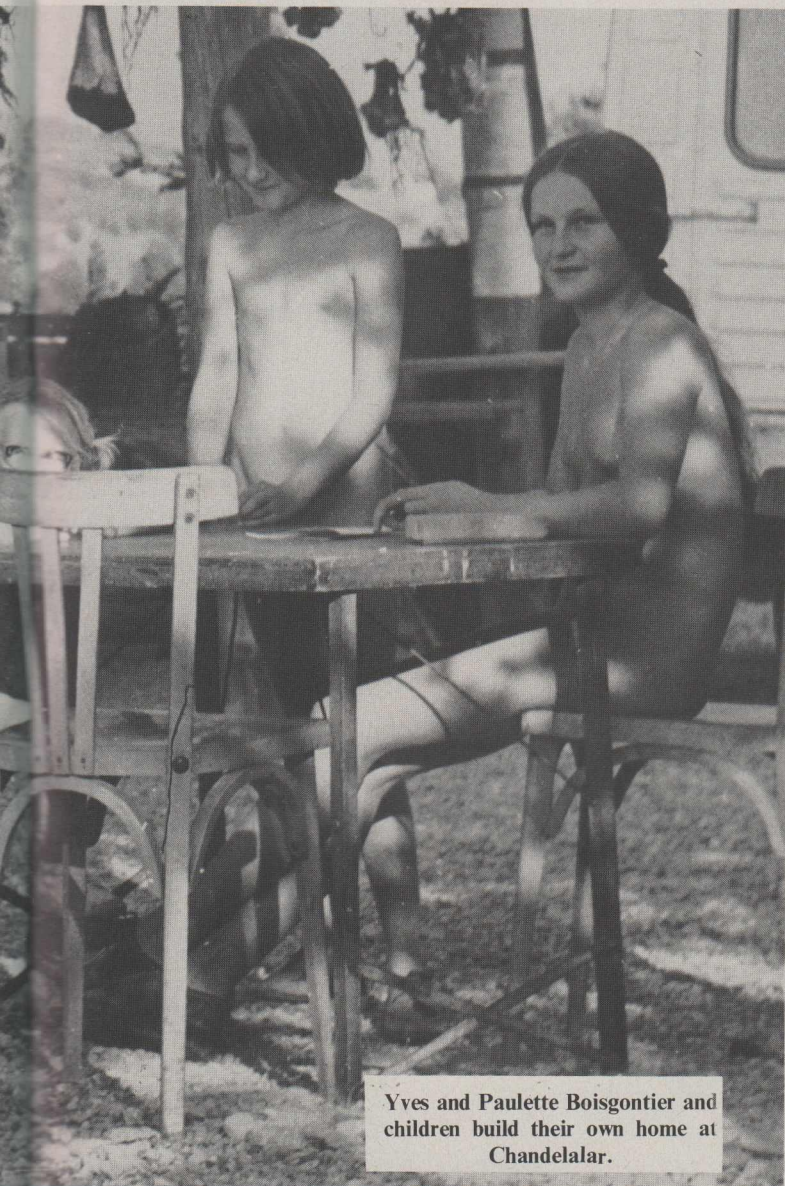


and in the bottom half look for the town of Puget Theniers. Now to the south-west locate Castellane. Between these two town you will locate St. Auban and nearby Brianconnet. This last is the town you must find to discover Chandelalar.

We decided to look it up one day when we were resting at Gorghetta. This well known naturist resort you will probably know is not far from Nice in the south of France. The nearest town is Levens about 30 kilometres up the N202. Now looking at the map you will discover that Brianconnet appears to be practically next door. And so we thought.

So one sunny morning we loaded the car and climbed down the steep road from the camp to the main road below. At La Roquette on the N202 we branched off onto the D17 lead-

WORLD



Yves and Paulette Boisgontier and children build their own home at Chandelalar.



ing to Roquesteron. Immediately we were out of this world. The road once it crossed the river started to climb up and up.

You will find no tourist cars on this route. To tell the truth you will find no cars at all. As you climb higher and higher, the valley below and the mountains beyond open up a splendid vista. Minute farmhouses scattered over the lower reaches of the mountains seem to cling to their perches like mountain goats. The views are unforgettable. After Roquesteron we passed through Sigale, then connected with the N211A all the way to Brianconnet. So diverse and interesting was the trip that it was not until late afternoon that we pulled up in front of the small town's only hotel. As I said this part of the world attracts no tourists and the hotel was threatened with closure for lack of custom.

The village itself is like something out of an ancient French grammar. The church still dominates the one street. Women still move about in all enveloping black clothing. They are curious about strangers. Naturally; they never see any. Say 'hello' and they will either smile broadly or rush back to the shelter of their sun baked clay faced homes. But unlike the hotel, the village is still very much alive. Before retiring for the night we decided to have a drink in the deserted bar of the hotel. To our surprise two young men entered together with a young woman. So there *were* people under the age of 70 still around in the village. To our even greater surprise the young men talked in English. We made contact. 'Come along to our place,' said one of the lads. We were astonished to discover he had bought one of the old homes here and made it over

as his own. He *lived* there! Did he know of the naturist resort known as 'Chandelalar'? 'Ah,' he said, 'I wondered why on earth you should be here.' He knew the place well and the next morning took us around to meet the owners.

The road curves out of the town and you must keep a sharp look out for the sign beside the road or you can easily pass by. Fortunately there is only one road out of the town, the one leading to St. Auban. You branch off at the sign and find yourself travelling along a rough and dusty road slowly climbing up a long hill. Beside the road you may notice a seemingly never ending snake of black plastic pipe. But more of that later.

Eventually you arrive at the house the owners have built for themselves in this magnificent wilderness. All around lie the grounds. The resort's real name is Le Haut Chandelalar, and you can enjoy the crystal clear air the height brings, especially if you have come by way of the Mediterranean. You are, after all, some 4,000 feet above sea level, and in the heart of the Alpes Maritimes—that place most travellers only see from the air as they wing their way towards Nice.

Old-fashioned rules

In all the grounds occupy about 100 acres; some 60 of those devoted to nudity. You can camp here or you can place your caravan on special sites provided with water and electricity. If you really want to get away from everything, even your fellow naturists you can do that too. You can act the hermit if you wish. And your wish will be understood. They grow their own vegetables and what they don't or can't grow you can still purchase on the site.

For your entertainment there are long country walks, though not all of them can be taken nude. You can spend a day visiting the river. You have to cross a public road to get there, so you must carry some garments with you. The river in summer at least, would be more properly described as a stream. It is pleasant and safe to wade in but so shallow you will hardly find any place deep enough to swim.

What does it cost? Because of the fluctuating pound all I can say is that it is one of the cheaper resorts. You can find out exactly by writing to Yves et Paulette Boisgontier at Le Haut Chandelalar. Les Comanches, Brianconnet, 06850 Saint Auban, Alpes Maritime, France. If you book for camping some time ahead for more than a week's stay you may collect a discount.

Chandelalar seemed to me to belong to the idealistic wing of French naturism. For instance you cannot buy wine at the camp although other drinks (non-alcoholic) are available. The rules of the camp too may appear old fashioned in our eyes. For instance rule five demands you be careful about what you wear—no underclothing, no night dresses, etc. And watch it, no high heels,

perfumes or jewels. Shades of ancient Montalivet. Rule three insists you use your car only as necessary and certainly not for driving around the camp. Finally you must have a naturist passport to get into the place and if you are a minor then you need your parents' written permission if you want to come in without them. In addition to your passport they say in their rules they

also require proof of identity.

In the camp are the usual facilities for games and in addition the unusual facility for playing outdoor chess on large permanent concrete chess boards.

Even at this height you are sure to enjoy a swim in their heated swimming pool. Heated? That's right. The water is brought several miles across the hills and valleys. It travels in that black plastic





pipe and gets hotter and hotter with every yard under the boiling sun.

While I described the approach from the direction of Nice, most visitors will want to approach from the east or perhaps north. In this case take a map of France and locate Lyons to the south-west of Paris. Now further south-west you will find the city of Grenoble. Further south-west

again and you will pick up the town of Gap. The last town is still further south-west and is called Digne. Michelin map No. 989 is useful for this exercise.

But having located the town of Digne you would be best advised to look at a larger scale map—say Michelin No. 81. From Digne take the route Napoleon through Castellane to Le Logis du Pin. Here you branch off onto the

N211. Stick to this road through la Foux and St. Auban towards Brianconnet. Shortly before you reach this last town you should see on your left the sign telling you about the camp. If you arrive at the village of Brianconnet, then you have gone too far. If you really get lost, and it is not difficult in this remote part of the world, then telephone 60-43-83.

Remember that because of this

isolation you will need to carry as much as possible with you. A car is absolutely essential. Although you can buy a certain amount at Brianconnet you would be better advised to go to St. Auban. Buses serve the area as follows.

Visitors agree

Bus in the direction of Puget-Theniers every day except Sunday. Buses leave nearby St. Auban for Grasse and Cannes, and another leaves from Le Logis du Pin (N85) for Nice, Cannes and Grasse (the perfume town). Another bus from the same place goes via Grenoble to Geneva and in summer to Paris.

Here are some of the rules of the camp mentioned earlier.

1. Everyone entering the nudist area must have a naturist Passport. The admission of minors without their parents is forbidden. As well as your passport you should present evidence of identity.

2. You may not remain more than three months running.

3. You can use your car to establish your camp on arrival and to break up on leaving. The rest of the time it must be kept in the parking area.

4. Parents are responsible for their children's behaviour. Children must not be left alone.

5. The first part of the rule refers to clothing, etc., as mentioned earlier. The second is interesting. It says, 'All collections . . . and discussions on politics . . . confessionals (?) . . . or other propaganda things are prohibited.' The next sentence very freely translated reads, 'All doings, gestures, . . . and attitudes not coming up to the highest moral standard will result in the immediate throwing out of the guilty.' So watch it!

8. No photography of any kind without the written permission of those photographed.

9. It is absolutely forbidden to disturb any birds or animals, or to cut any of the vegetable growth.

10. It is absolutely forbidden to light any fires or make a barbecue. Smokers are warned too. They are told where they cannot smoke and where they can be careful.

I spoke with the owners about some of these rules and suggested they were a bit harsh. Strangely enough they agreed. However, they said they were necessary and further that those who came to their camp were perfectly happy to accept them.

And I think that is true. After all, they are only made with the idea of allowing you to enjoy the maximum of peace and quiet. And believe me that is what Chandelalar is all about.

PROBING THE PRESS

Nudists may take an interest in contemporary attitudes to sex. This is because a liberal attitude in society will indicate a more ready acceptance of nudity. A hardening of attitudes towards sexual matters is invariably a sign of repression of the nudist movement. Margaret Stillwell finds in Norway they can't even accept copulating apes. No wonder that country is almost alone in Europe in having not a single nudist resort.



The HUMAN



WHO said they lack a sense of humour at the Naturist Foundation? The back cover of their journal *Grove* carried the sub-heading 'Pussies Galore'. It was a letter from a reader signed 'Bird Fancier'. Regrettably it was about cats.

Apparently they lead them around the place like dogs. 'Bird Fancier' has had enough. 'These cats are paraded around on leads, not only in the pavilion area, but inside and even in the bar. Can you imagine anything worse than cat's hair in your shandy?' Well, pussies in your brandy perhaps? But enough.

The same issue lets the cat out of the bag, so to speak. They have found a new way of screwing money out of you. No, not the Naturist Foundation—the international organisation, the INF. You see they made a lot of money out of nudists who wanted to go abroad and bought their 'passport'. It had its uses. Holding one, a nudist could expect to be admitted to the international network of nudist holiday resorts. It branded him as 'genuine'.

Unfortunately, not every nudist liked to spend his holidays abroad. The INF, no doubt thought, what a pity. If only every nudist applied for a passport, how easy life would be. How to make every nudist do just this was the problem. The answer was simple. Make them! So 'they' came up with the idea that every nudist must carry a card. A sort of identity thing, beloved of the dictatorships of this world. The card would have to be stamped every year. The stamping would cost money. Money the INF would happily use. To what purpose is another thing. Nothing is said about that. The Naturist Foundation react with horror. 'The element of compulsion may be acceptable in other countries, but it is anathema in Britain . . .'

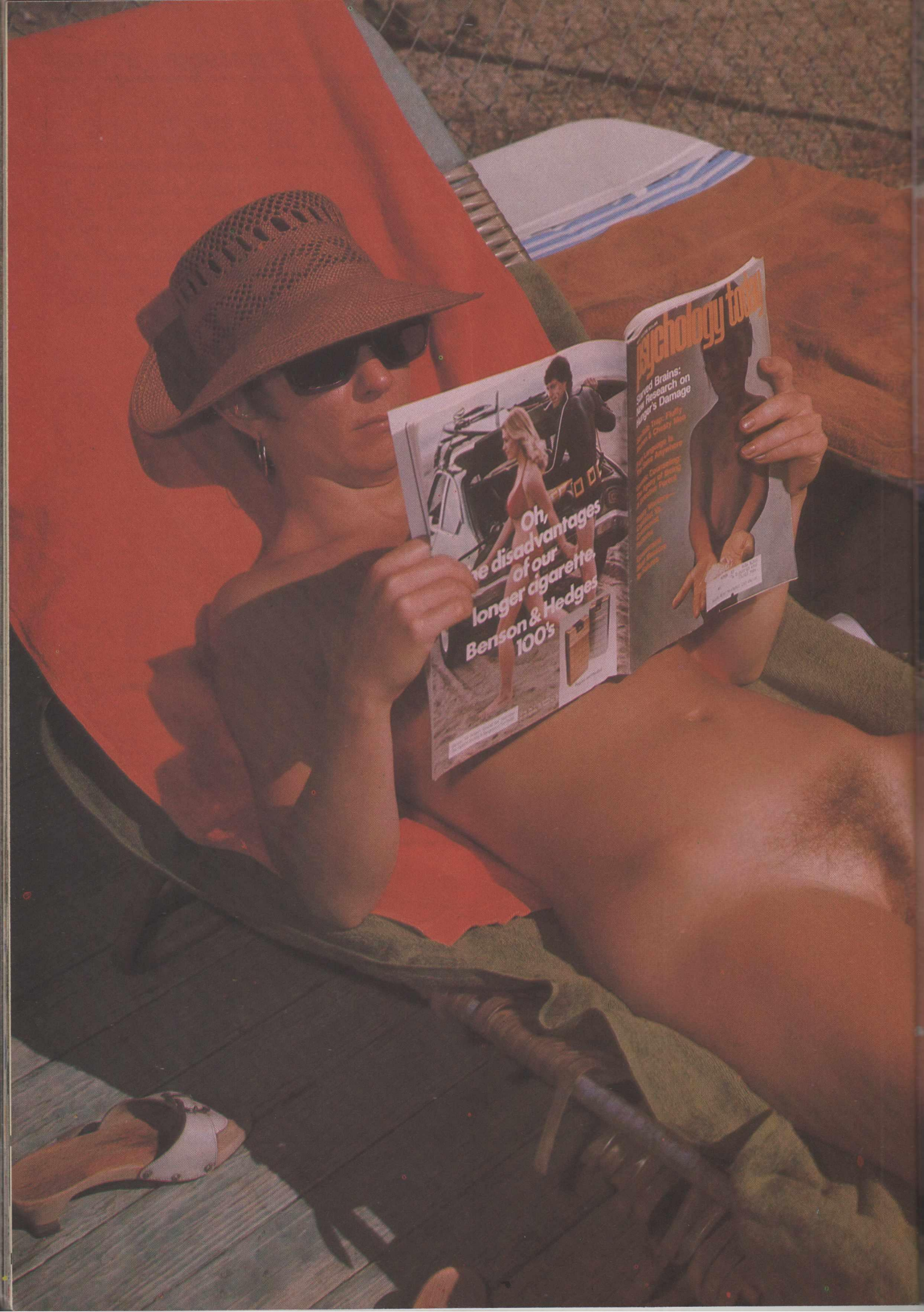
So they propose another way of doing much the same thing. But at the end of the proposal comes a strange piece. 'The INF card and stamp cannot take the place of the identity card, with essential information on it, which is issued annually to those who enjoy the regular use of the facilities provided by the naturist

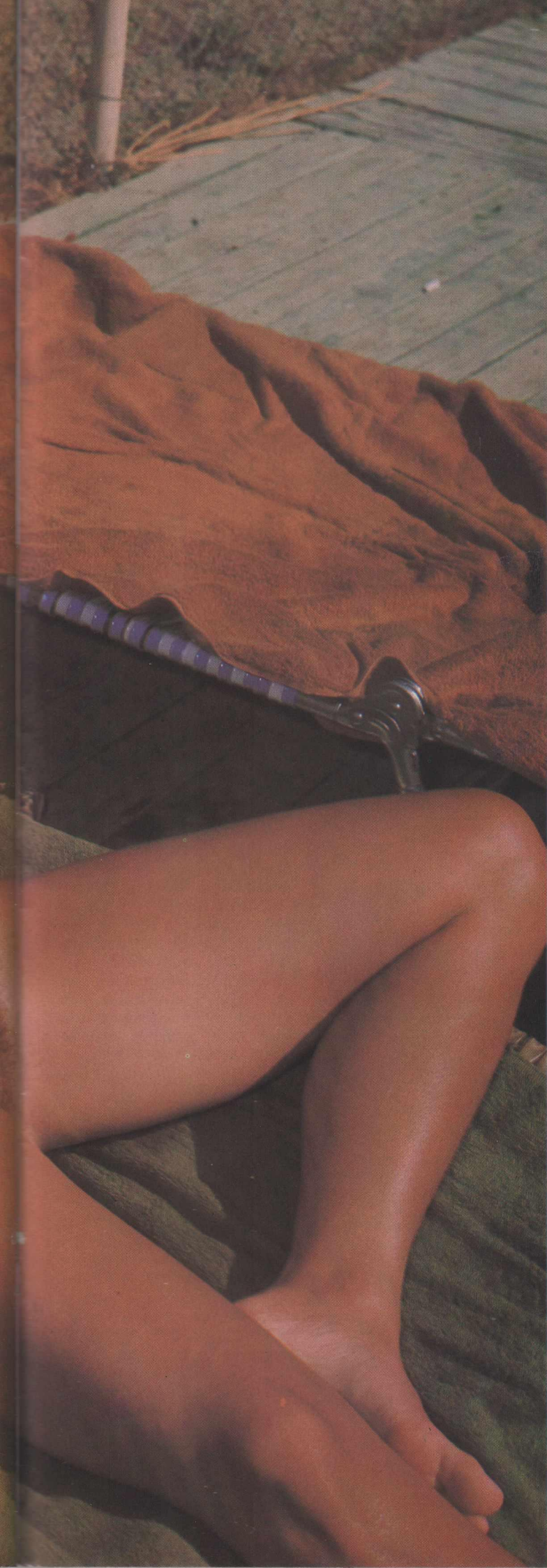
foundation at Brockenhurst.' Ah, ha . . . here we go again. The identity card . . . essential information . . . issued annually . . . And just a page or two before comes the warning, 'Everyone should have some evidence of their entitlement to be present inside the grounds and can be asked to produce it . . .' Produce it from what? A pocket? A nude pocket? Oh, come off it! Why not try branding with hot irons? A glowing red stamp 'Naturist Foundation' seared into your bum would answer all purposes. Funny? Think again!

Seriously, why should we be forced to pay more money? Why should we be forced to carry a card? Why should we be forced to buy a stamp to stick on this card every year? Why should we encourage a nudist bureaucracy? We have seen the way these bureaucracies swallow up initiative and action in all the countries of Europe. We know full well the way communist and fascist regimes love the card carrying, fee paying member. We know only too well how these 'cards' become 'dossiers'. Fed into computers, the card information becomes an intrusion into privacy. Justified by the interests of the state! Nudists value above all their freedom. Freedom is at the heart of the movement. Individually and as a body we demand personal freedom, we demand an end to all regimes who would have us carry cards and pay homage to organisation. Above all, we demand of any organisation that wants our money, published results. We want to know what they are doing with our money. And when we know, then will we give. But freely, and without compulsion. And only if we approve of what they do.

So far as the ordinary nudist is concerned the INF is useless. What have they done to make nudism either more acceptable or more enjoyable? Progress has been achieved not by committees but through the efforts of individuals. The abolition of this INF appendage would hurt no one and possibly benefit millions. Get rid of it now, before it grows into the 'big brother' it looks like becoming.

COMEDY





But let us return to the man in the street and his newspapers. It seems we are in for a boom in pin-up boy calendars. This past Christmas has seen a few and even more are promised for next year. They all appear to be produced by groups calling themselves Women's Liberation Groups. They assert that women have been treated as sex objects by girly calendars for long enough, and now it is time to get revenge. But is this not a peculiar attitude? If you are insulted by calendars showing sexually attractive girls what sort of a revenge is it to show men in equally sexy poses?

The Lincoln Women's Action Group have produced a calendar. 'Why shouldn't women enjoy the

male body in an abstract form and enjoy being turned on by sexy pictures,' asked Emma de Winter. Why not indeed, Emma? But I don't understand that bit about the male body in an 'abstract form'. The calendar is both far from erotic and even further from abstract.

Meanwhile the men who think they are more man than the next, are still around building bigger and bigger muscles. They just can't believe most women find them revolting. The British Psychological Society Conference on Love and Attraction were told that the average housewife strongly dislikes dominant muscular he-men. They greatly prefer men who are natural, genuine and



gentle. In other words, the direct opposite of the profile put abroad by the typical he-man.

An American couple spent 750 hours showing slides of nude men to a wide variety of ordinary housewives and asking for reactions. The housewives said the men were 'vain, unnatural and disgusting'. And one added 'he looks like he wants to kill or beat a lady to death'.

Then what do women like? What physical features do they find attractive in men? A Dr. Sally Bell believes she has the answer. Sally agrees that big chested men are hardly the turn

on they think. What women really like according to Sally are—wait for it—small bums! What a turn about. What will happen to all those muscle men when they learn it is the size of their backsides that count. Even worse, not big backsides but small ones.

I can just imagine the conversation.

Young Runt: 'Can you make me attractive Sir?'

Gym Owner: 'Certainly lad. Big chest, big biceps. Muscles galore.'

Young Runt: 'No, not that! It's my bum. Can you fix it?'

Gym Owner: 'Bum? Now clear

off you nasty little poof...'

Sally went on to give us some other memorable facts. Women who are attracted to small chests are 'passive, indecisive, interested in religion, dislike sport and physical activity and defer to others'. As for the women who commit the unforgivable crime of liking men to have big bums, well Sally is onto them. They are 'not neat, or orderly, not excitable emotionally and tend to be socially introverted...'

Sally gained this information by taking around male silhouettes and showing them to girl undergraduates. But what failed to

emerge was whether the silhouettes included the normal male sexual equipment in its various positions and what the girls thought of that. Perhaps we will have to wait for an even more liberated age.

Some further findings are of interest. The conference was told that 84 per cent of women thought women as a whole had been sexually repressed. 95 per cent felt that women should start sex activity if they wanted to. 86 per cent found sex fantasies arousing. And contrary to past belief two in every three women found male pictures arousing. Well, well, perhaps those liberation girls and their sexy male calendars are onto something big. Just as a footnote to all this, it is interesting to see that a court in Switzerland recently decided that a woman who showed her bare bottom during an argument was offensive, but not indecent. How odd to learn that while women may find men's little bottoms attractive, men find the same thing on a woman 'offensive'.

Who is exploited?

Finally and still on the subject of women and their reactions I must mention that not so long ago 32 Norwegian women's organisations under the banner of 'Women Are Not Sex Objects', said they would get rid of pornography. In London's Soho several hundred Englishwomen did much the same. They alleged exploitation of women. In Norway one can hardly be surprised. They are just out of the Ark. A few years back a couple of apes in their Kristiansand Zoo started making love. The Norwegians were shocked. Especially when the apes liked it so much they kept on doing it. In the end the luckless apes were promptly shipped across the Skagerrak to Denmark. The Norwegian authorities dourly remarked—'They are used to that sort of thing there...'

The accusation is always that women are exploited. And that the poor dears must be saved from rapacious men. The truth of the matter is surely rather different. The girls who pose for these pictures well know what they are about. And (I am reliably informed) know very well how much they can extract from the men who employ them. In truth, as in all free markets, it is the seller who pushes up the price as far as it will stand. It is no different in this market. Whether you approve of this or not, it is best to face the facts.

Instead of calling for the ending of the 'exploitation' of women, why not call for an ending of women's liberation hypocrisy.

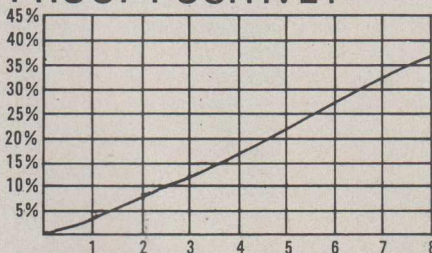


In just 70 seconds a day Bullworker and the new Isotonic/Isometric Programme will give you a body you'll be proud of!

PROVE IT YOURSELF
New '70 seconds a day'
Scientific Programme
and Bullworker builds
BODY MUSCLE.
POWER.CONFIDENCE.
STRENGTH - up to
36.8% more in only
8 weeks!

Do you believe the way you look is holding you back in life? That people react to you *badly* because of your unimpressive physique? Now — thanks to an amazing **SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH** at one of the world's foremost **ISOMETRIC INSTITUTES** you can build the body you've *always dreamed of* in just 70 seconds a day, with a simple but brilliant programme of 7 second exercises and the new Bullworker. In those 70 seconds, you can pour power into over 300 vital muscles and muscle-groups. You can literally *resculpture* your whole body — actually add **4% extra strength** every week, using only 60% of your existing strength! And — you can *prove beyond all doubt it works for you* by trying the Programme for 14 days **BEFORE** you risk one penny piece!

PROOF POSITIVE!



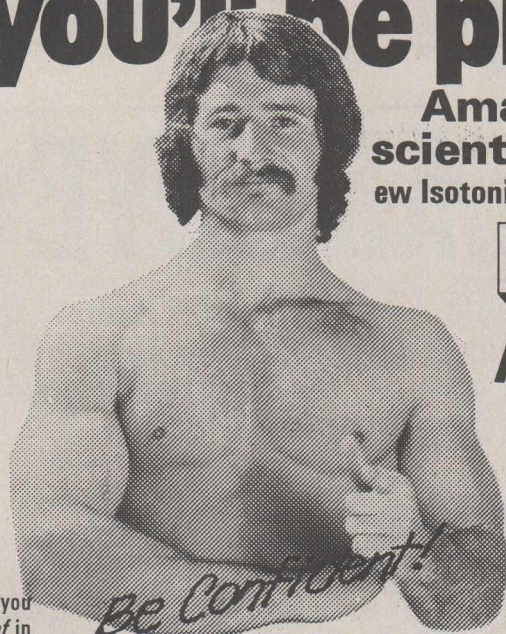
The research *proved it*. Bullworker and the new Isometric Programme builds muscles and power much *faster* than haphazard exercising. Over *three times faster* than the most elaborate weightlifting programme. Amazingly, you need perform each part for only 7 seconds to get maximum results. Science proved 20 seconds, or even longer, didn't get quicker results! In just 70 seconds each day, anytime, anywhere, you can perform the entire Programme. You can add each week 4% to your strength, using only 60% of your strength! That's a massive 36.8% in only 8 weeks — and the **POWER CHART** above proves it!



Here's how to attain that handsome, athletic 'V' shape: massive shoulders tapering down to trim waist and hips.



Shoulder and stomach fat into a firm, flat, steel-hard wall of muscle.



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London, SW18 2LZ.



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WALLCHART



PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. They are **Female Beauty**, **Group Pictures** and **Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Naturist subject. The prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we cannot use colour prints, only transparencies. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

THE GLASS EYE

What is the best lens? Should you invest in a telephoto? Or perhaps a wide angle would help? And what about these zoom lenses—surely they must be a help? This month Murray James guides you across this mine field.

LAST month we mentioned the advantages of a telephoto lens. We praised its ability to reach out across a swimming pool, or into the surf. Thus we could get a picture, and keep our feet dry.

But what about the other extreme—the wide angle lens? How useful is this to the nudist photographer? First of all let us consider what it does. Your 'standard' lens enables you to cover a certain angle. That is to say you can record anything within the angle covered by your lens.

Typically, a 55 mm 'standard' lens will give you an angle of view of around 43 degrees. So if you imagine two lines at an angle of 43 degrees projected from the centre of your lens, then everything included in that angle will be recorded on the film.

Fine, but what if the object you want to picture is wider than your lens covers? You can step back and this will help. But you may have to step so far back that your picture is changed. For instance you want to shoot the line up of beauty queens at your club's annual contest.

The line is so wide you have to move back to get them all in. Immediately you are in trouble. You can't move back without pushing the people behind you out of their places. They will not like this. And even if you can move back, the further you go, the more likely it is that you will get unwanted scenery in the foreground.

One answer is to switch to your wide angle lens. As likely as not you will then be able to cover the

full width of the line up. It depends, of course, on the angle of view covered by your particular wide angle lens. For instance a 35 mm lens will cover 63 degrees; a 28 mm, 75 degrees; a 21 mm, over 90 degrees. You can get even wider coverage but at more and more risk of distortion.

So there we have the two alternatives to the 'standard'. I use inverted commas around the word 'standard' lens because opinions vary as to what that is. Many professional photographers using 35 mm cameras regard the 'standard' lens as redundant. They advise the buyer to get a camera body only and then buy a wide angle of say 35 mm or 28 mm focal length, and for more distant work a 100 or 135 mm lens. The chief reason appears to be that so many pictures are taken with the 'standard' lens that they begin to look commonplace. The introduction of the less common lens leads to variety and hence interest.

Now while that is undoubtedly true of news shots, I hardly think it applies to figure work. As I have said before it is indeed fortunate that the ordinary 'standard' lens that comes with most cameras is perfectly suited to the work you will want to do. But you too may want to be daringly different. If so then your best bet would be a very wide angle lens used close in. And, to hell with the distortions. It can be fun now and again—but hardly practical all the time.

Finally I must mention the zoom lens. This is a lens which enables you to change the focal

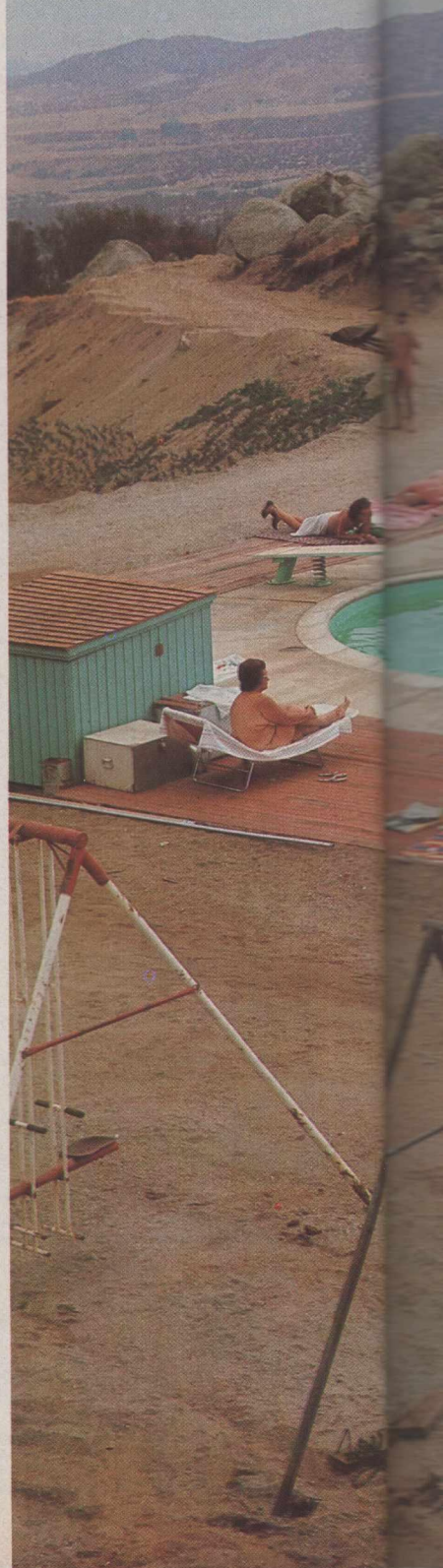
length simply by rotating or sliding the barrel. Generally speaking they come in two main classes. Those which vary the focal length from around 39 mm to about 100 mm and those which operate in the range from about 80 mm to around 250 mm. Of these, the most useful to the figure photographer is undoubtedly the first.

What specific advantage do you gain for your money? Above all the ability to fill the frame without moving your or the model's position. By 'filling the frame' I mean making the image in your viewfinder and on your film as big as possible. We mentioned the advantage of this earlier.

With the zoom lens you can stand still and at the flick of a wrist enlarge or reduce the image and see how that looks. With a fixed focal length lens the only thing you could do would be to walk forward or backwards. This most photographers want to avoid. Not only because of its difficulty but because it upsets the model.

But remember, as in life you get nothing free. With the advantages of the telephoto lens go the disadvantages of possible hand shake. It is much harder to get a sharp, unshaken image using a 300 mm lens than when using the standard. Using the wide angle lens you run the risk of distorting those parts of the figure nearest the lens, especially if you work close up.

To sum up it would appear the best combination would be a camera with a zoom lens operating at about between 35 mm and 85 mm.



A 'normal' lens is right for this picture,
but a 'zoom' could bring you right
beside the pool.



Readers' Photo Competition

TO WIN TRY IMPACT

FOR a change let us look first at the men. First prize this month must go to the very unusual study of the fellow under the shower. Doesn't it have impact. And that is what you should try to get when chasing prize money. The unusual angle is what does it. The lesson? Vary your camera angle for that picture with something different.

Second in the men's section goes to the fellow beside the park seat and third to the reader attempting to feed the fallen tree crocodile. While I like the crocodile idea, it does reduce the importance of the man in the picture. That is why I placed it third. Second is a nice, natural picture with little to criticise.

Turning now to the Women, I gave first prize to the lass with the arms and legs akimbo because it is such a delightfully happy picture. I know it breaks a lot of the old fashioned rules about what is good and bad in figure work. But, so what—it's alive and joyous. What more could you ask? Second prize goes to the slightly provocative dark skin lass. This picture was taken in Jamaica. How we get around. Unfortunately we have background trouble again. If only the photographer could have outlined his girl against the sky. Last but not least another happy lass seated in the grass.

Finally groups. Always difficult this one. Note how the first prize goes to the threesome. It would have even more unity if one girl wasn't staring right out of the picture. Of the other groups there is little to say. The one awarded third place might have done better had the photographer got around the other side. As it is we have no faces—always a disadvantage.

Readers should note that this is the section where you can most easily win. Entries for the group are the lowest.

Male Posing

FIRST Unusual angle plus action gives London reader the prize.

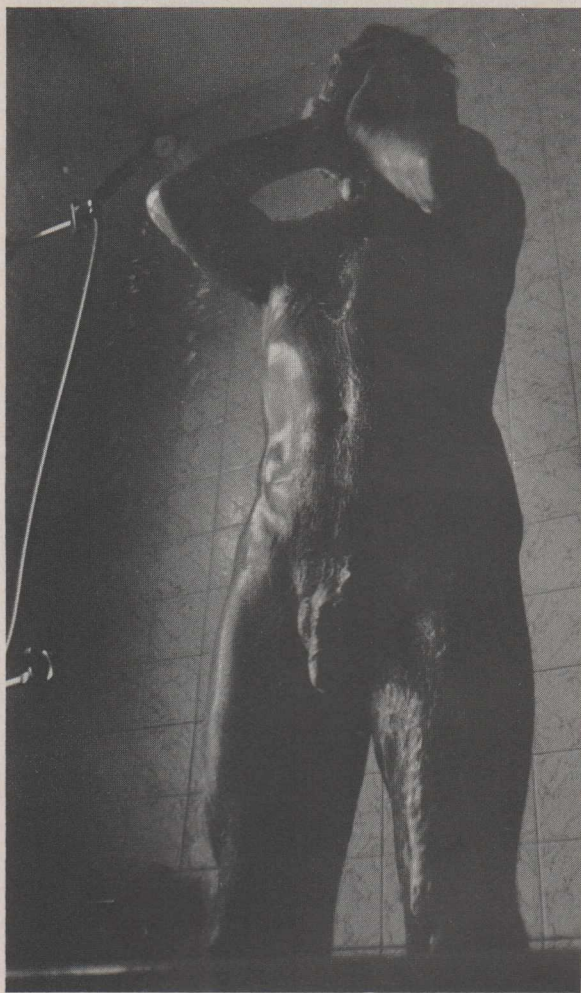
SECOND Tummy in, chest out and make the best of it.

THIRD Watch he doesn't have you for dessert!



FIRST L'elan vital was the title of nearly every nudist picture 20 years ago. This one deserves it.

SECOND Camera angle emphasises the length of the leg, but who is complaining?



Female Form



THIRD This happy garden decoration just had to have a prize.

PHOTO CLUB

Groups

FIRST Note the use of dark background to make the figures stand out.



SECOND These two pick up another prize. They need competition.



THIRD Well, it was only just a group . . .

PHOTO CLUB

Readers' Photo Club continues to expand with various queries from readers and volunteers for the Model Register. Below, Murray James gives some readers' queries and the answers.

EXPRESS THE JOY

Dear Murray James,

I am writing to ask for further details of your Photo Club Competition. My family are members of the Far West Sun Club and I am a very keen amateur photographer and have numerous colour slides which I hope to enter in the competitions in the near future. I should like to point out the lack of information in your magazine regarding how many slides may be sent at one time and also details including stamped addressed envelope for return of slides after your use. Wishing you every success with your new competition.

Yours faithfully,

Cornwall

M.L.

Taking your points in order. There is no limit to the number of slides you may send at any one time. But you should carefully consider the groups the competition caters for. You will know that we award prizes under the headings Male Physique, Female Beauty, Group Pictures and in addition we have a Special Class. This last is one which enables me to award a prize to a particularly good shot which for one reason or another does not fit the other categories. In other words you should do your own selection before you send them on. Although the names Female Beauty and Male Physique head the groups, the males need not be physically perfect specimens, nor need the girls be beautiful. What we are looking for is pictures which you feel best express the freedom and joy of nudism.

At the moment, the best chance of winning a prize is in the Group or Male Physique categories. It is most important that you have your name and address on every print and transparency—we cannot use colour prints. Also you must have permission from every recognisable person for the picture to be published and you must tell us you have that agreement. Unwanted material will be returned if requested and a stamped addressed envelope provided or sufficient international postage coupons.

While we take every care, we

cannot be responsible for any damage or loss. The pictures are out of our hands for a period while they are being printed. We usually hold all pictures submitted colour or black and white and review them all every month. Some win prizes years after they have been submitted.

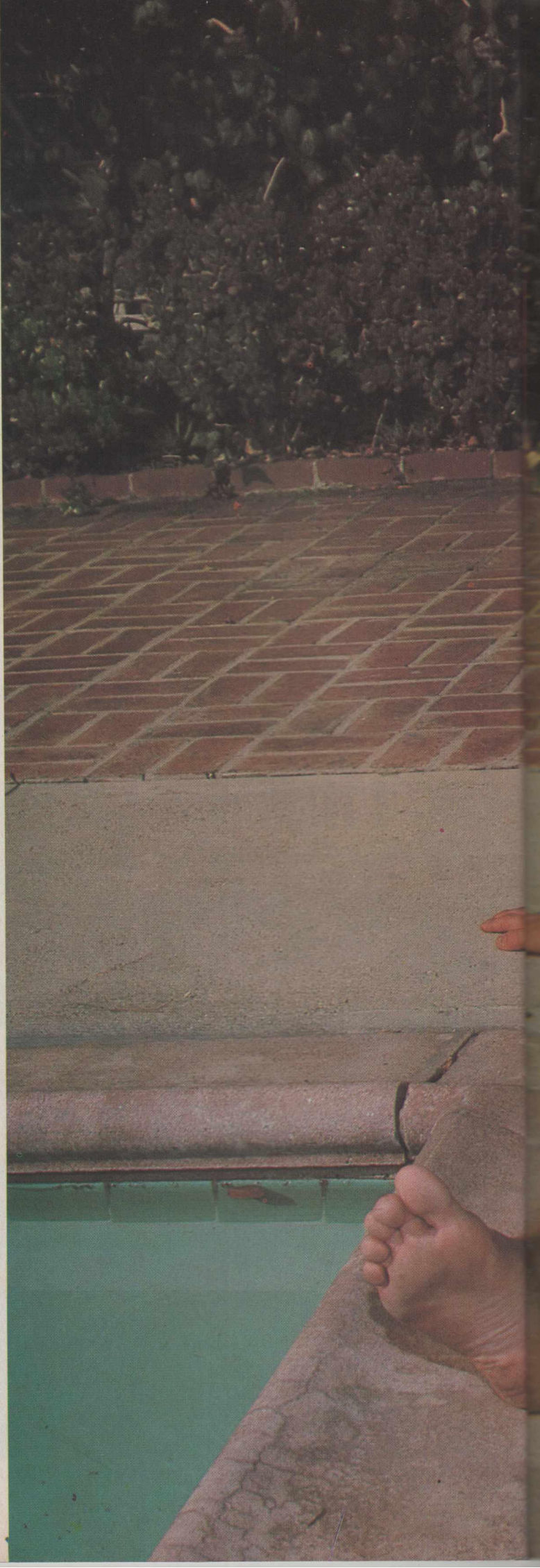
Now with regard to the return of work after it is published. If you want this you should say so clearly on the back of the print or transparency. Then it should return to you with the cheque. You will usually be paid at the end of the month the picture was published.

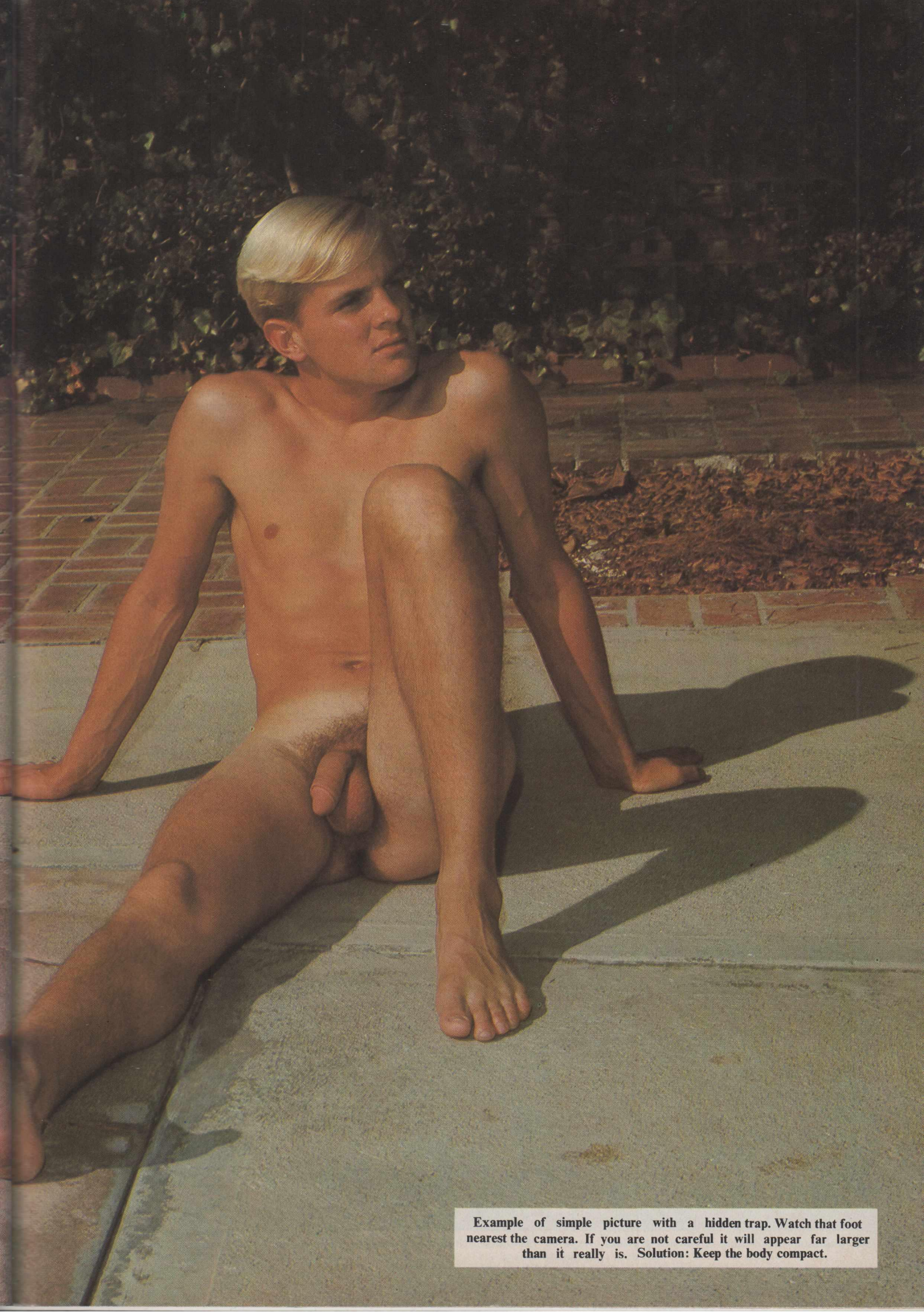
A M.R.C. of Viry, Chatillon, writes saying he has difficulty finding models and asks if there is a nearby club where he could find them. So far our model register doesn't include any names from his district, but when it does—then his problem is solved. In the meantime Mr. R.C., keep an eye on Photo Club where we will run an article on how to find models. Vol. 79, No. 1 gives some advice.

A letter and photograph from Mr. and Mrs. J.B. of Bearn Leguevin, is acknowledged. I would also like to thank the various readers who have sent in their names and addresses and photographs for inclusion in the Model Register. They are too numerous to mention personally.

By the time this appears the worst of the winter will have passed—even for our readers who live in northern Europe. For those lucky ones near the Mediterranean it will soon be warm enough to get out your camera and start clicking.

Finally, let us step back to 1946 when this magazine was even then promoting readers' photography through competition. But there was only one prize then—two guineas. A contributor has this to say. 'It is surprising that the camera should fail to reproduce many of the aspects of beauty we can see with the naked eye. Colour may one day make the task . . . effective and the capture of 'beauty unadorned' an automatic certainty.' All of us have at one time or another failed, and now we have colour, we can still fail.





Example of simple picture with a hidden trap. Watch that foot nearest the camera. If you are not careful it will appear far larger than it really is. Solution: Keep the body compact.

CLUB



Watching the shoppers from the cafe front at Montalivet, near Bordeaux, France.



Hotel Robinson La Chiappa in Corsica provides everything the sun-searching nudist requires, including this fine beach.

BRITISH

CCBN MEMBERS

Adventurers Sun Club, near Maidstone and Sittingbourne.
Apollo Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Brighton.
The Arcadians, near Brentford and Southend-on-Sea.
Avon Outdoor Club, near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick and Banbury.
Aztecs Sun Park, near East Grinstead, Redhill and Horsham.
Naturist Foundation, South London.
Blackthorns Sun Club, near Sharnbrook, between Bedford and Kettering.
Bournemouth & District Outdoor Club, near Ringwood.
Brighton Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Newick.
Bristol Solarians, near Chipping Sodbury.
Broadland Sun Association Ltd., near London (South).
Cambridge Outdoor Club, near Cambridge, Ely & St. Ives (Cambs).
Croydon Sun Society, near London (South).
Diogenes Club, near Gerrards Cross, Uxbridge and Watford.
East Midland Sunfolk, near Lincoln, Newark-on-Trent, Gainsborough.
Four Seasons Club, near Worthing, Shoreham-on-Sea and Brighton.
Gardenia Sun Club, near London (North), St. Albans.
Greenacres Sun Club, Durham area.
Haslemere Sun Club, also near Hindhead and Liphook.
Hastings Sun Club, also Folkestone area.
Heritage Sun Club, near Reading and Aldershot.
Invicta Sun Club, between Dover and Deal.
Isis Sun Club, between Bridgend and Cowbridge.
Lakeland Outdoor Club, Cumbria area.

Lancashire Sun Society, between Southport and Preston.

Leicester Sun Group, between Coventry and Leicester.

Lancashire Sun Society.

Liverpool Sun and Air Society.

Manchester Sun and Air Society.

Marguerite Sun Club, near Oakham, Stamford and Uppingham.

Naturist Foundation, near London (South).

North Western Sunbathing Society, Stockport, Macclesfield, Congleton area.

Nottingham Sun Club, Mansfield, Nottingham, Derby area.

Nova Sun Club, near Sutton, Dorking, Reigate, Guildford.

Oakwood Sun Club, near Brentwood, Halifax, Huddersfield.

Phoenix Sun Club, near Buxton, Congleton, Macclesfield and Leek.

Pines Sun Club, near Ross, Newent, Gloucester and Cinderford.

Ribble Valley Club, near Preston, Blackburn and Wallasey.

Ridgewood Sun Club, near Bristol, Portishead and Clevedon.

Scottish Outdoor Club, near Glasgow.

Sheplegh Court, near Totnes, Brixham, Dartmouth.

Solway Sun Club, near Carlisle, Brampton and Longtown.

South Hants Sun Club, near Portsmouth and Southampton.

South London Sun Society.

South Western Outdoor Club, near Yeovil, Sherborne, Evershot.

Springwood Sun Club, near Colchester.

Sunbeam (South East Essex) Sun Club, near Billericay, Wickford.

Sungrove Sun Club, near Grimsby and Brigsley.

Sunnybroom Sun Club, near Aberdeen, Balmoral and Peterhead.

Tando, between Carlisle and New-castle.

Vagari Sun Club, near Godalming, Fareham and Hindhead.

Valerian Sun Club, near Ryde and Newport, I.O.W.

Valley Sun Club, near Leeds, Bradford and Ripon.

Weald Group, near Haywards Heath, Burgess Hill and Henfield.

Western Sun Folk, near Monmouth and Chepstow.

Westways Sun Club, near Malmesbury and Minety.

White House Club, near London (South).

White Rose Club, York, near Strensall and Flaxton.

Woodlands Sun Club, near Coventry.

Wrekin Sun Club, serves area bounded by Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Market Drayton and Telford.

Yorkshire Sun Society, near Hull.

Zaribah Sun Club, near Hastings, Rye, Tenterden.

INDEPENDENT CLUBS

Berkshire Sun and Leisure Club, Bracknell, Berks. A. G. Scott, 40 Spinis, Roman Wood, Bracknell, Berks.

Eureka Club, M. Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.

Spielplatz, near St. Albans, Herts.

Further information about the CCBN clubs in the above list can be obtained from CCBN, Sheppcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET. They issue a handbook, price £1.

DIRECTORY

The following directory is published to give you an idea of the location of various clubs. If you want further information you should write to the address of the country concerned given at the foot of the directory. Club Secretaries in England, France and Germany are invited to submit addresses for publication together with any news, notes or matters of general interest to Nudists throughout Europe. Published in English, French and German, this section can provide all of Europe with a common meeting ground. We hope in the future to bring you items of interest from the INF, FFN and the United Kingdom organisations.

Readers in the United Kingdom should note that there are two major organisations working quite independently. They are the C.C.B.N. (Central Council for British Naturism, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET) and the Eureka Group, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent DA12 4DN. The former is the older and more traditional. The latter breaks away from the more conventional approaches to social nudity.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP

Athena, P.O. Box 225, 2000 Antwerpen.
De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, 2020 Antwerpen.

BRUSSELS

Compagnons Campeurs Belges, BP 888, 1000, Brussels.
Helios, P.O. Box 1185, 1000 Brussels.

GENT

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, 9000 Gent.

HASSELT

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, 3500 Hasselt.

LIEGE

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, 4000 Liege.
Nature et Sport, c/o J. M. Renkin, rue Bidaut 21 A, 4000 Liege 1.

VOTTEM

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

FRENCH

PARIS

Some 15 Clubs around Paris among which are:

Gymno-Club du Thelle.
Centre Gymnique de l'Oise.
La Fertille.
Sport et Nature.
Air et Soleil.
Heliomonde.
Club Gymnique de France.

LILLE

Plein Air Relax Club.

REIMS

Centre Gymnique de Champagne.

ORLEANS

Les Bogues, Club du Soleil, Jol et Sante d'Orleans.
Puy la Lande.

BORDEAUX

Centre Helio-Marin de Montalivet.

NICE

La Gorghetta.

CORSICA

Robinson Club La Chiappa.
Corsicana.

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Port Nature.
Verdon Provence.
Le Romegas.

VALENCIENNE

Centre Gymnique du Nord.

MAUBEUGE

Natura.

LE HAVRE

Bois des 40 Acres.

ROUEN

La Bouleaufiere.

EVREUX

Bois de Glisolles, Pomme Doree, BP 25, 27000-Evreux.

NANCY

Le Cardinal, Union Gymnique de Lorraine, Les Ombelles, Haut-du-Lievre, Ent.C., 54000-Nancy.

STRASBOURG

Centre Gymnique d'Alsace, BP 161, 67025 Strasbourg-

CEDEX

BREST

Club du Soleil, BP 246, 29271 Brest.

RENNES

Club du Soleil, Section de Rennes, BP 724, 35009 Rennes.

BOURGES

Les Amis du Chataignier, 18250 La Chapelle.

LAVAL

Club du Soleil, 20 Place Pasteur, 53000 Laval.

DIJON

Club du Soleil, 7 rue du Dr. Chaussier, 21000 Dijon.

French readers can write for more information to: La Federation Francaise de Naturisme (F.F.N.) 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris. There are many more clubs in France than those listed above.

Selected French Holiday Resorts for Nudists.

La Conche, Cet J Bennot, Relais de la Conche, St Montant, 07220-Viviers.

La Chataigneraie, La Chataigneraie, 07-La Bastide de Virac.

Alpes et Soleil, 38 Sinar.

La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 St. Jean-de-Marvejols.

La Gorgetta, Jean Goffin, La Gorgetta, 06720 Levens.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Brianconnet 06850 St Auban, Alpes-Maritimes.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezay, Belezay-Provence, 84410 Bedoin.

Corsicana, Club Corsicana, Linguissette, 20320 San Nicolao.

Montalivet, Centre Helio-Marin 33930 Montalivet.

Le Moulin, Ernest Ridel, Au Moulin, 20210 Porto-vecchio, BP 36.

La Chiappa, S.A. 20210 Porto-vecchio.

Tropica, Mme. Jeanne Lovati, Centre Naturiste Tropica, 20230 San-Nicolao.



First of the new bungalows at the nudist resort of Leucate, near Perpignon in south-west France.

Port Nature au Cap D'Agde, Club Nature Port Nature 34300 Cap d'Agde.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme. Metge, BP 1 30430 Barjac.

Le Romegas, Jeannine Schillemans, Le Romegas 26174 Buis-les-Baronnies.

Ran du Chateau de Fereyrolles, Robert Malafosse, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

The addresses given show where you should write for further information. They are not always the address of the resort.

GERMAN

BONN

Familien Sportbund Bonn e.V.

AACHEN

Natur-und Sportfreunde Aachen e.V.

AUGSBURG

Sportbund Helios Augsburg e.V.

BAMBURG

Natur-und Sportbund.

BEYRUTH

Sportbund für Körperkultur.

BERLIN

Verein für Körperkultur Berlin-Sudwest.

BREMEN

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung.

FKK Wiking Bremen, e.V. 28 Bremen, D-Bonhoefferstrasse 36.

DORTMUND

Sport und Naturfreunde Dortmund, 46 Dortmund-Hombruch Postfach 169.

DUISBURG

Lichtbund Niederrhein, 4 Dusseldorf, Postfach 5131.

DUSSELDORF

Sportfreunde Dusseldorf, Dusseldorf 1, Postfach 7113.

FRANKFURT

Orplid e.V.

FREIBURG

Bfi Sonnlund.

FRIEDRICHSHAVEN

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

HAMBURG

FKK-Sportgemeinschaft Hamburg.

HANNOVER

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KASSEL

FKK-Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KEMPTEN

Bund Alpenland.

KIEL

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung, e.V., 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

KOLN

Helio-Familien Sportgemeinschaft.

LUNEBERG

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STUTTGART

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

Stuttgarter Sonnenfreunde.

WIESBADEN

Orplid, 62 Wiesbaden, Postfach 4532.

MANNHEIM

Freier Lichtbund Mannheim, 68 Mannheim 1, Postfach 711.

COBURG

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Coburg, 8634 Rodach b.Coburg, Feldstrasse 1.

NURNBERG

Sportgemeinschaft Sonnenfreunde, 85 Nurnberg, Drahtzieherstrasse 25.

REGENSBURG

Naturistenbund Donau, 84 Regensburg, Postfach 326.

REUTLINGEN

Bund für Familien Sport Reutlingen, D741 Reutlingen, Postfach 382.

SCHWENNINGEN

BfL Schwarzwald, 1229, 7730 Villingen.

For German readers Richard Danehl Verlag, 2 Hamburg 50, Postfach 500 344 have published in 1974 a booklet 'FKK Reiseführer.' It contains the addresses of all the above German Clubs and many more both in Germany and elsewhere in Europe.



OH WHAT A SHAME!

At first sight, you might think our Vera a shameless hussy. You might, if you dared, find her morals suspect. You would be mistaken. Vera has it all worked out. And she is ready to straighten you out too.

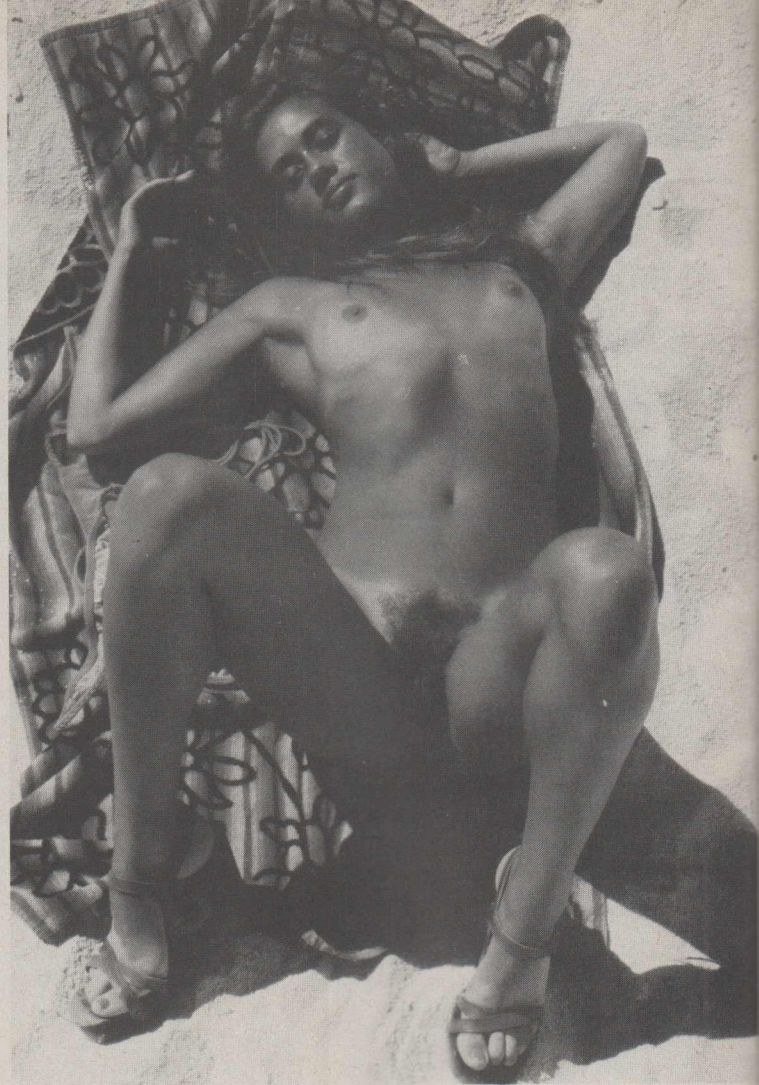
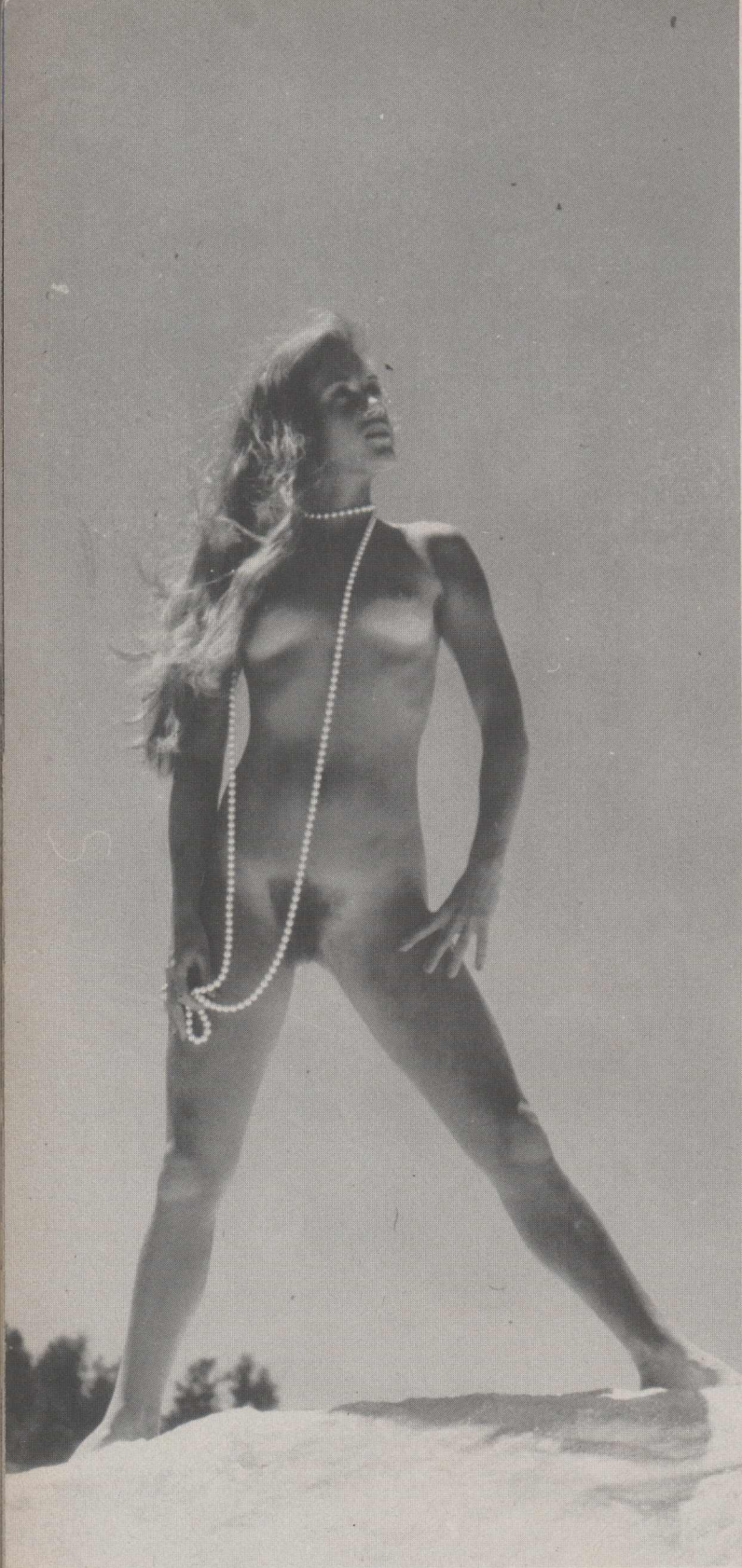
Read on . . .

MY name is Vera Cree. I live in Hollywood, U.S.A. You could say it's for business reasons. But apart from the living, I like the weather here—and the chance to go nude.

I hope you like the look of me. I do. When I first saw these pictures I was thrilled. I had these

pictures taken because I wanted to see myself as others see me at my nudist club. Also I wanted to show how this modesty lark is really the reverse of what it appears to be. Just for fun I got the photographer to take one of me with my knees pressed hard together. Just for fun and some-





thing else. You see, that is the way some women sit at their nudist clubs. You don't believe it? Look, I have seen it with my own eyes.

Perhaps I have overdone it. Made it look more silly than it does in real life. But sure enough—they do sit with their knees together. If you were to ask them why they would probably say 'Oh, well, one has to be modest doesn't one?' To me anyone who sits like that is not only inelegant but indecent. In the name of modesty they draw attention to what they are hiding.

It is the old, old story. Modesty is linked to desire. Its object, they say, is to fight desire. But in doing so, it awakes interest and consequently desire. A good old circular thing. Or 'Catch 22' as they would say today. Isn't that the height of hypocrisy? The real truth of the matter is that modesty can never achieve what it wants except through its own disappearance.

So much for that. But there is something else. When I first got the slides I was so pleased with them I showed them to my father. 'Don't you think they are a bit

sexy,' he said.

I told him I didn't think they were just a 'bit sexy,' I thought they were very sexy. And what could be wrong with that? His reply was 'Well don't you feel ashamed of yourself?' I said 'What has shame got to do with it?'

'Shame,' he said, 'would prevent you showing off like that. Shame would tell you the right way to behave and the wrong. Shame,' he said, 'was really just having the right morals.' The inference was that I had the wrong morals and that annoyed me.

I told him that shame had nothing to do with the matter. Shame is little more than fashion. What is shameful today is O.K. tomorrow. Shame is a matter of convention and has nothing to do with morals. People get so mixed up. Everyday experience proves this. In Victorian times to show an ankle was shameful. To show a naked leg even more shameful. But when girls showed ankles and legs no sex orgies followed.

When skirts covered the knees, to show a naked thigh was shameful. But when mini skirts arrived the shame disappeared.

The only purity lies in the acceptance of nudity for what it is. Good, natural and free from this self destroying hypocrisy.









'... true beauty of the free spirit ...'



'... wonderful memories of times gone ...'

READERS' LETTERS

(Will readers kindly note that we have recently been deluged with their letters. If your letter does not appear here, have patience—it will appear eventually.—Ed.)

SURPRISED/DELIGHTED/ PLEASED

IS H.&E. the last of its kind?

I was most pleased, the other day, to find (what I hope is) a recent issue. I have not seen an honest naturist magazine for many years and am very happy that you still exist.

Also value your (for us) 'over-size' format.

Perhaps, if I were to visit the 'adult bookstores', I would have found you before (but I do feel so awkward in them). Now I know that my brother does frequent them, hence I showed him H.&E. and asked him if he had seen copies of H.&E. all along (without telling or showing me). He was/is as surprised/pleased as I, to know that you still exist.

Hence my first question is: how can I go about obtaining a subscription (do not wish to miss another issue!)? Then: are 'back issues' available? (No sense in missing forever that which I've missed thus far.) And: why is there not a publication date on the issue I already have? Perhaps it is, after all, an old issue and perhaps you are no longer in print.

Perhaps, for the sake of your readers, I should explain.

I am the 26-year-old mother of a beautiful 4-year-old son and a 6-year-old daughter. My brother and I grew up in the naturist camps of Western Europe. Wonderful it was and I still feel most sure that camps are for children, perhaps even more so than for adults.

Adults have benefit of so very many other things, for children: a camp (in my opinion) is the most significant (if not the sole) benefit available apart from (healthy) parental guidance.

For this reason (and others), I am convinced that H.&E. belongs in the home, rather than adult bookstores (although, they do sell many things there for which I do have a delicious/erotic affinity), and should be available at the supermarket (perhaps under plain cover?).

Our parents, as I remember, did have some marvellous family naturist magazines in our home.

My father had some by a man whose name I do recall: Hojo Ortil (incorrect spelling?). I do remember the utter beauty/freedom of those out-of-doors childhood naturism magazines and I do miss them today.

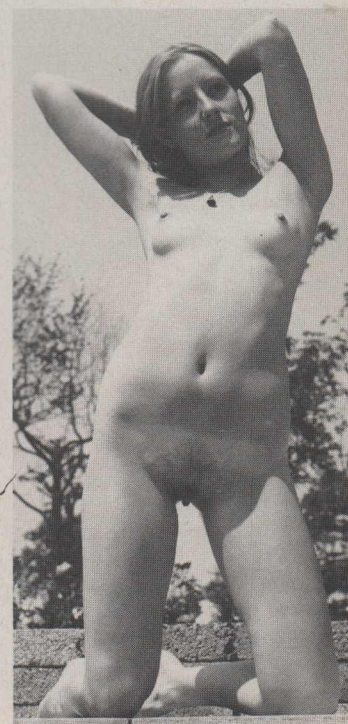
Some two to three years ago, Ed Lea of California did bring out a few issues on family/childhood nudism. And although the paper and colour quality were super, he did not come anywhere near as close to capturing the true beauty of the free spirit.

Mind you, it is not that I do not value overt eroticism (as I do, very much, enjoy that also), but I also appreciate and find immense beauty in: the total innocence of nude youth.

Please do not misunderstand me: not for a moment do I, in any manner, consider eroticism and innocence to be mutually exclusive. I believe/know that the erotic is innocent and not 'sinful'.

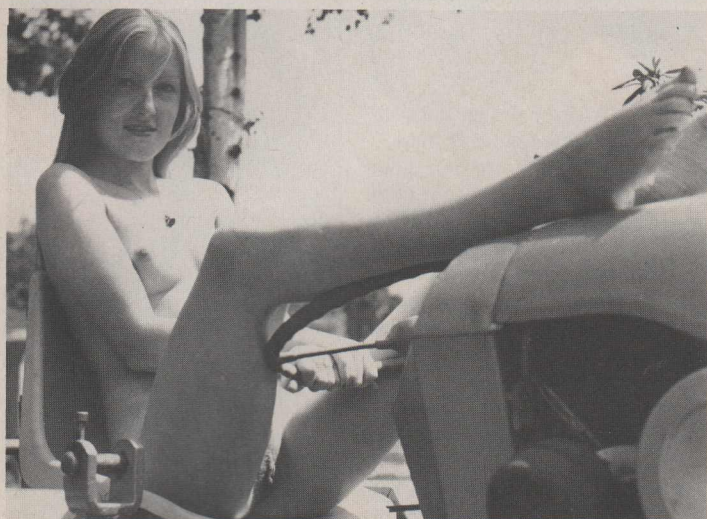
It is only when we go beyond the consent of all participants (note: I did not write: '... of all concerned ...') that we lose innocence. When eroticism goes beyond this, it becomes (and *only* then) a perversion. It is then ugly/wrong, it is then that we lose beauty/pleasure (by definition).

Somewhere in the distant past many (if not most) were inten-



'... good to see old and young friends ...'

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'Our followers are emerging from the sand hills and advancing on the open beach.'

tionally confused by the fewer/more powerful who wanted more control. The latter were/are well aware of the utterly supreme/mind-crippling power of guilt. We still, and continue to, suffer from our mis-direction today.

This then, is where I see the role of H.&E.: some one/thing must bring us back to reality and the real beauty of ourselves. Thankful we should be that man is the only animal to have ever so pathetically perverted himself thus.

The whole/popular concept of morality is now diametrically opposed to its definition/reality. In fact, a subscription to H.&E. would be a prescription to many of my brother's patients.

My brother and I still delight in visiting the (too few) nudist camps in our area. It surprises most of those who get to know us very well: to see that my brother and I are (still) so very close. To this day, I give full credit to the wholesomeness and entirety of our childhood camps and their members for our past, current and ongoing relationship. As it was there, with the example of and by some of the more liberated members, that I first (we first) discovered ourselves (pun intended) and developed our genuine/intimate/power-filled friendship. And then with others, there and since.

I will always delight in the photos I (and others) have taken there (and elsewhere), as they still give rise to wonderful memories of times gone by and to the exciting expectation of future enjoyments. It will always be good

to see more of old (and young) friends.

However, I do regret that I took some of my first photos with my old (and inferior) camera. Now I use a Pentax Spotmatic (1.4) and if I do say so myself: I am doing rather well with it. Must admit that most (at first) do hesitate (and that is another wonder/beauty: most children [very] seldom hide themselves!), at first. However, with the assurance/promise (kept) that their face won't show (my favourite procedure: I shoot from [their] behind), we usually get there.

Perhaps I photo for many reasons/gratifications: innocence, curiosity, wonder, guilt, confusion, rebellion, indulgence, satisfaction, knowledge, charity (. . . and the greatest of these is), ego, and most (and perhaps most misunderstood)—fear of growing old.

To chronicle today (and: to chronicle memory, to chronicle fantasy/desire), to stop time (it is the only way we can even come close to doing so), so deny the future.

And yet, to assist in the allowance of the future (just what is: 'our most valuable natural resource'?), by helping the present realize (know/enjoy) himself. The first step towards anything/another. No seed can grow without nourishment, alone. (We are all in one great circle, it matters not: who/which is in front and who/what is in the behind, and: we can always look/wish across the [other] way.)

You (if I) can get there.

Real evil is: (the likes of)



The letters? I always read them first.

Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber (whose name has been in all the papers here . . . but that is a whole other letter) and (contrary to popular opinion) certainly not the former husband of Sharon Tate (at the home of Jack Nicholson), but rather: the mother (and then not for the obvious reasons) (which is yet another letter).

Then, there are the less debilitating misguided, such as Lonny Myers, M.D., who, although she means well, does 'more harm than good'. (Yet a 4th.)

Now how did I wonder/get into such dreary things/people.

To tell you of three of the things I (would) enjoy (more of):
1. perhaps making contact with others worldwide who also enjoy taking/collecting photos as I do, for the sake of some (most) discreet exchange,

2. perhaps some of your readers are in contact with like-minded/doing others who have had their camera in places like Australia, the Orient, or any place like the wonder-filled waterfall at that popular place in Mexico,

3. perhaps to find other (and other collectors of the no longer) currently published magazines of the kind I would enjoy.

Hence please publish my address along with this letter, as some of your readers may wish to help me directly. They can either address me (R.N.) or my brother (E.M.N., M.D.).

Thank you,

and my best to you and your's . . .
P.O. A-3248 R.N.

Chicago, Illinois (and/or)

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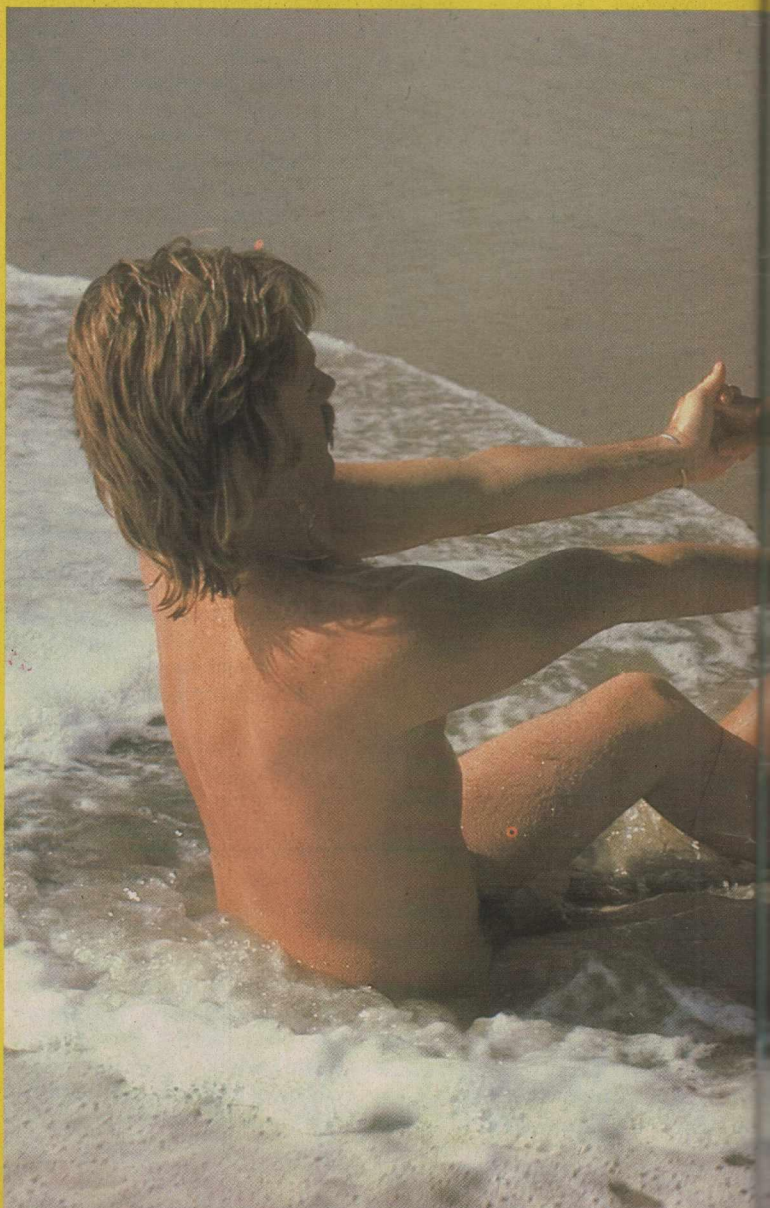
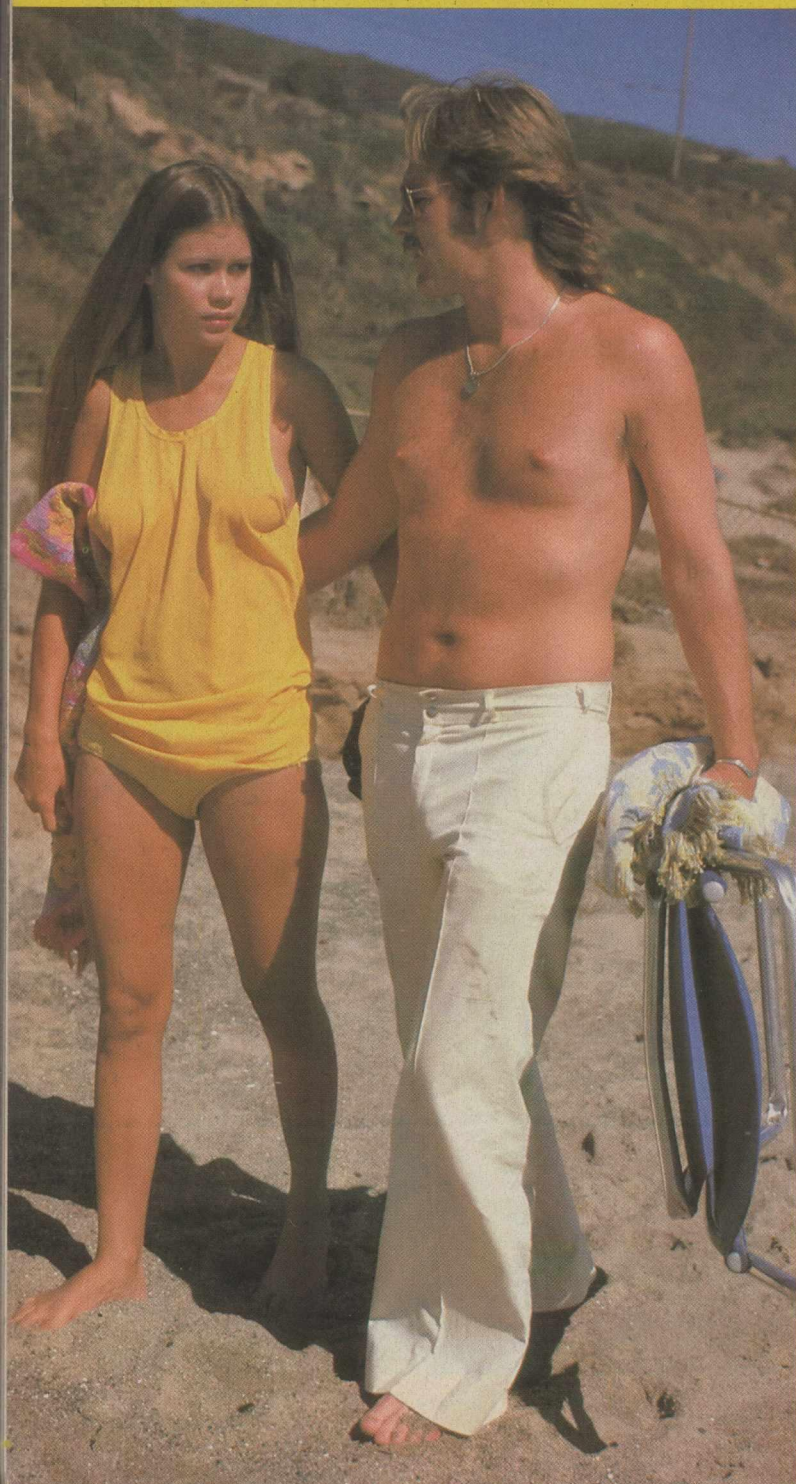
E.M.N., M.D.

(To find the date of publication

you simply translate the formulae
Volume 79 Number 5 into year
1979, month 5, that is May. What
about sending some of your photos
to our photo contest? And what a
pity we had none of yourself to
publish with this letter. Thank you
too for your very clear exposition
of the difference between innocent
eroticism and mind-crippling guilt.
Write again.—Ed.)

PHIL VALLACK's enthusiasm for 'free beaches' in Britain is infectious, and it rather goes against the grain to throw cold water on his project. At the same time, it just won't do to sling all caution to the winds; and he mustn't therefore be surprised if C.C.B.N. accuses him of 'rocking the boat!' In particular, his expedition into the legal jungle enveloping nudism in England goes rather badly astray. His comments, I fear, are both inaccurate and misleading; for which reason I feel that a modest attempt is needed to try and put the record straight.

In the space of a short article, Phil Vallack manages to refer no less than three times to the need for a 'Test Case', and obviously





he attaches a great deal of importance to this. Quite . . . but what, exactly, does a test case involve? A test case requires a human guinea-pig; some public-spirited person willing to put the machinery of the law into operation at his own expense. In the context of 'free beaches' it requires a nudist, or a dedicated group of nudists (and, by gum, they'll *have* to be dedicated all right!) deliberately to court arrest and prosecution by openly swimming and sunbathing naked at a beach reasonably accessible to the public. After formally arresting the victims, it will be for the police to decide, on the basis of the evidence before them—photographs, maybe, or the testimony of witnesses—whether or not to prosecute, and if so on what grounds: whether to proceed, for example, under a local by-law forbidding naked bathing, or under the common-

law offence of indecent exposure. In either case, sooner or later, the defendants will find themselves summoned to appear before the local magistrates' court. They will doubtless engage the services of an advocate and (unless they are lucky enough to be granted legal aid) they will have to pay for his services, which in the first instance are unlikely to be less than forty or fifty pounds. So, surely, at the outset it's a reasonable question to raise—Who's going to be responsible for the legal costs?

But this is only the beginning! In his article, Phil Vallack lays great store by the motivation of the defendants (so much so that he insists on having it printed in CAPITALS). But unfortunately for him, the criminal law is not particularly interested in motives. I may have the purest of motives in wishing to put an end to the sufferings of my dying mother-in-



law by contriving to hasten her decease; but the criminal law knows nothing of mercy-killing, and in due course I must expect to find myself charged, convicted and sentenced for the crime of manslaughter or even murder. Unfortunately, too, for would-be nudist guinea-pigs there's an old case that's exactly in point. In the case of 'Crunden' the defendant was convicted for undressing and swimming naked in full view of a row of houses at East Cliff, Brighton. It was held irrelevant that Mr. Crunden's aim had simply been to enjoy a healthy form of recreation without wishing to give offence to anybody. He'd indecently exposed himself, and that was that.

Of course it would be perfectly proper for counsel for the defence to stress the essential innocence of his clients in the hope of mitigating any penalty that the Bench chooses to inflict. It would be equally open to the prosecution to remind Their Worships of their duty to decide the issue strictly on the evidence before them. The defendants are guilty—or not guilty—of the crime of indecent exposure—it's as simple as that! Motive, however, can properly be taken into account if the Bench decides that the offence has in fact been committed, and turns to consider

the question of punishment. An 'innocent' motive might well make all the difference between a £25 fine and a fine of £100—or even a suspended prison sentence; but this will be of little comfort to the victims when the whole object of the exercise has been to secure an acquittal.

Nevertheless it is open to the convicted defendants to appeal against their conviction to the Crown Court in the hope of getting the decision of the magistrates reversed; and I'd be inclined to think that such appeal might have a fair chance of success. But an appeal is an expensive luxury; for an unaided defendant, it might well run into three figures; and, once again, who is going to bear the costs? Nor would there be any certainty about the outcome. If the appeal is allowed, then indeed the nudist guinea-pigs will be free for all time; an important principle of law will have been established, and Phil Vallack's dreams will come true. But equally the appeal might be dismissed, and the cause of free beaches set back for generations to come.

Like Phil Vallack, I detest the C.C.B.N.'s pathological insistence on secrecy. But surely this is understandable? Surely it's reasonable to suppose that the

pundits of Orpington have already taken advice on these very issues and have decided that the game isn't worth the candle? In any case, before Phil Vallack rushes into print again, he'd be well advised to think very carefully about these bread-and-butter matters. Where, precisely, is this test case to be staged? Who is to defend it? Where's the money coming from? And—not least—who is to be the sacrificial victim? (Maybe Phil Vallack himself? Has he, I wonder, the courage of his convictions?)

Oxford

N. R. Tillett

(I have no wish to be caught in the cross fire, so I'll just cut and run. —Ed.)

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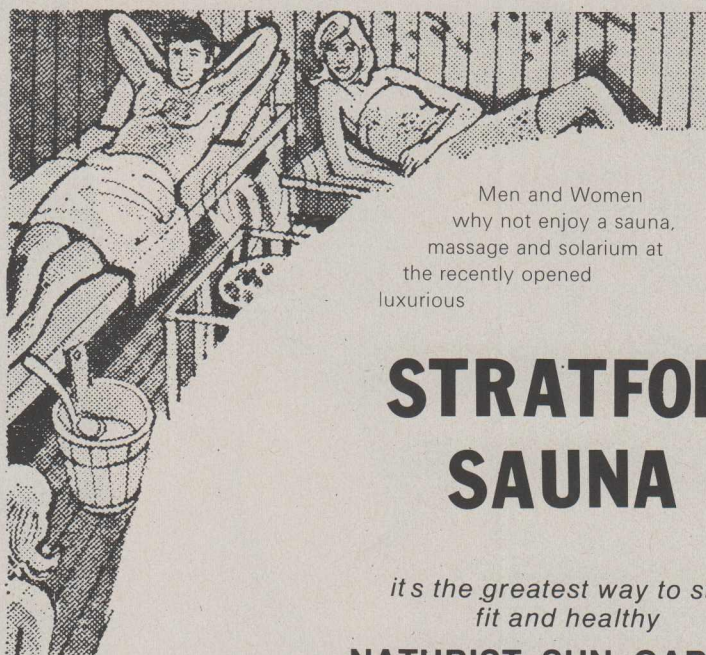
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